THE CHICAGO CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

OFFICIAL NEWSPAPER OF THE A. O. H. OF ILLINOIS AND THE UNITED IRISH SOCIETIES OF CHICAGO AND COOK COUNTY.

VOL. XVI. NO. 24. CHICAGO, SATURDAY, JUNE 12, 1897.---SIXTEENTH YEAR. PRICE FIVE CENTS.

PRESIDENT KEATING.

The Vigorous and Eloquent State Head of the Ancient Order of Hibernians, is Elected Chief of the United Irish Societies of Chicago for the Ensuing Year.

Victoria's "Diamond Jubilee" Denounced—The Rejection of the Anglo-American Arbitration Treaty Applauded—Cuba Sympathized With and "The Citizen" Indorsed.

The annual convention of the United Irish societies was held Sunday afternoon at Fitzgerald's hall, Adams and Halsted streets, says the Inter Ocean of Monday. The room was packed with delegates and their friends, and the session was a lively one.

Considerable business was transacted, including the election of officers for the ensuing year. Only one ticket was in the field and those elected were:

President—J. T. Keating.

Vice-President—John E. Long.

Recording Secretary—F. J. Conroy.

Corresponding Secretary — Arthur Donohue.

Treasurer—John Roche.

Trustees—James C. Strain and J. J. Gibbons.

The session was full of lively speeches and Irish wit, but at the same time many serious matters were considered. An attempt was made by a visitor to bring politics into the meeting, but he was promply cut short by the new president, Mr. Keating, and the meeting, in the main, was very harmonious.

There were 396 delegates present, and they represented 132 Irish societies of Chicago, comprising the United Irish societies. The latter organization has been in existence twenty-one years, and the combined membership is very large.

J. J. Mahoney, the outgoing president, who positively refused a re-election, having already served three terms, acted as chairman during the first part of the session, but after the election he gave up the chair to the newly-elected president, Mr. Keating. The latter made a few remarks of acceptance, and thanked the delegates for the honor bestowed upon him.

Discussion of the annual picnic or demonstration given by the United societies occupied considerable time with the session, but it was finally settled that the big affair will take place Saturday, Aug. 14, at Ogden's grove. A committee will be appointed by the president to make arrangements for the event.

While reports from the various committees were being heard, Judge John Gibbons appeared and he was greeted with cheers. Judge Gibbons was escorted to the platform, and he made a few remarks, during which he referred to Charles Stewart Parnell, and what that man had done for the Irish people.

At the conclusion of the address the financial committee was heard from, and its report showed that there is at present on hand $2,095.73. Other items in the report were very encouraging.

The speakers frequently, during the course of their addresses, referred to England and the coming queen's jubilee, and anything but pleasant remarks were made on the event. At the mention of England hisses could at times be heard in all parts of the room, but no wild demonstrations were indulged in. Ireland was also referred to booth in speech and poem, and the earnest speakers declared that the day was not far off when Ireland would be as free as America.

In connection with the discussions over the queen's jubilee, the delegates adopted the following resolutions, amid shouts and clapping of hands:

"We heartly indorse the action of the Irish Nationalists of New York to hold a memorial meeting on the day set apart as the jubilee of England's queen; said memorial meeting to express the sympathy of the Irish exiles of America with those who during the reign of Britain's queen were driven from the Green isle to find coffinless beds in the depths of the Atlantic; in the prairies and woods of America and Canada.

"Our mourning for their sad fate will express our detestation for the hypocritical adjuration of the time-servers who would desire us to forget the famine scenes and evictiou atrocities of Victoria's ministers, and the fact that the population of Ireland during her reign of disaster has sunk to one-half the number it was when she ascended the throne.

"We also desire to emphasize the fact that during her reign every land where the British flag has been unfurled has been marked by atrocities committed on the unfortunate inhabitants which would raise the blush of shame to the cheek of even a Nero or a Cromwell, the detested Turkish sultan, or the notorious Weyler of Cuban fame."

Another resolution, which was adopted, referred to the recent Anglo-American arbitration treaty, and it was as follows:

Resolved, That we have observed with great pleasure the defeat in the United States Senate of the late Anglo-American arbitration treaty, a measure designed to bind this country in advance to whatever the British foreign policy might dictate to our government, and to place us before the rest of the world in the unenviable light of indorsers of England's infamous conduct toward India, Ireland, Armenia, Crete and South Africa, and that we hereby return our heartfelt thanks to the twenty-six brave senators who voted to kill the measure, and more particularly to our own eloquent and patriotic senator, Hon. William E. Mason.

Resolved, That we think the time has fully arrived when the United States government should interfere to prevent the crimes against humanity committed in Cuba in the name and by the authority of the Spanish government, and that the most effective way to put an end to such barbarities is to recognize the brave Cuban patriots as belligerents.

A resolution indorsing THE CHICAGO CITIZEN, and calling on all Irish-Americans to give it their support, was also adopted.

OBITUARY.

MRS. MARY KEANE.

Mrs. Mary Keane, mother of Mr. M. J. Keane, one of Chicago's leading citizens, died at her residence, No. 565 East Division street, on Tuesday, after a prolonged illness, in the 72nd year of her age. Mrs. Keane, nee Mulveil, was born in Ireland, but had been a resident of Chicago for forty-two years. She was an exemplary, Christian woman, and had the sincere respect of a host of friends and neighbors. The attendance at the funeral, which occurred on Thursday morning, was very large. High mass of requiem was celebrated at the Holy Name cathedral by the Rev. Father J. P. Dore, assisted by Fathers Perry and Finlan. Father Dore preached the funeral sermon, in which he dwelt on the virtues that had distinguished the deceased in her life time. She had fought the good fight, she had kept the faith and had gone to her eternal reward. After the services for the dead were concluded the following pallbearers rebore the remains to the hearse: Colonel Thomas Cusack; Messrs. James H. Burke, Patrick H. Tierney, J. Bourke, J. W. Tennison and P. L. Reilly. The mourners proceeded by carriages to Calvary cemetery. Rev. Fathers Fitzsimmons, Dore and Perry officiated at the grave, with the beautiful ritual for the dead. Mrs. Keane leaves, besides her respected son, three daughters—Mrs. D. Keane, and the Misses Mary and Margaret Keane to mourn the loss of one of the best of mothers. May she rest in peace.

MRS. JOHN E. MACMAHON.

Mrs. Johanna MacMahon, wife of Mr. John E. MacMahon, one of Chicago's oldest and most respected citizens, died somewhat suddenly at her residence, on Michigan avenue, last Monday morning, to the great grief of her devoted husband and deeply attached children, and to the unfeigned regret of an unusually large circle of friends and acquaintances. Mrs. MacMahon, whose maiden name was Miss Johanna O'Grady, was born in the County of Limerick, Ireland, more than sixty years ago, and came to this country when a very young girl. She became acquainted with Mr. MacMahon in this city, and they were married here more than forty years ago. A more affectionate and united couple did not exist. That long and happy married life was mostly spent in Chicago, the only interruption being a period of four years which was spent in Cleveland, Ohio, where Mr. MacMahon was engaged in his business of street-paving contractor, in which he has hardly a rival in America. The death of Mrs. MacMahon, who appeared to be in her usual good health up to within a few minutes of her fatal seizure, is a terrible blow to the family, and has filled a happy household with gloom that will not soon be dispelled. Besides her afflicted husband there survive her sons Stephen, John and Louis, and her daughters Mrs. Peter Smith, Mrs. Hannah M. Scott, Mrs. Thomas Lynch and Mrs. Genevieve Rolfe.

The funeral occurred Wednesday morning from the residence to St. James' Catholic church. High mass of requiem was offered up by the Rev. Hugh McGuire, pastor, assisted by the Rev. Fathers Gilday and Quinn. Several priests occupied seats in the sanctuary. The funeral sermon was preached by the Rev. Dr. T. J. Butler, an old friend of the lamented deceased and her family. It was an eloquent and touching tribute to the religious, amiable and hospitable attributes of Mrs. MacMahon. Many among the very large congregation of mourners were affected to tears by Dr. Butler's feeling discourse, and the members of the family could not conceal the grief that overpowered them. At the conclusion of the services, the remains were reborne to the hearse, the following being the pallbearers: J. P. Dillon, P. F. Ryan, M. D. Madigan, D. J. Madigan, P. D. Madigan, M. F. Driscoll and M. W. Conroy. The interment was at Calvary cemetery. Requiescat in pace.

MR. MICHAEL B. SULLIVAN.

Mr. Michael B. Sullivan, an employe of Armour & Co., dropped dead Friday night, June 4, at Forty-sixth street and Wabash avenue after taking his first lesson in cycling. He was a brother of James Sullivan, for many years connected with the Tribune staff, who expired of heart disease in the Newspaper club, July 4, 1894. Mr. Sullivan was 29 years old. His death, too, is ascribed to heart weakness, the exertion of trying to ride the wheel being given as the cause of the failure of that organ to continue to beat.

Mr. Sullivan lived at the Hotel Balcon, 4553 Wabash avenue, and for several years had been employed as bookkeeper for Armour & Co. at the Stock Yards. At 8 o'clock on the night of his death he left the hotel and walked as far as Forty-sixth street and Wabash avenue where he met J. J. Donahue and Thomas Deadey, friends, who were learning to ride a bicycle. Mr. Sullivan remarked that he would like to try to ride, and Donahue dismounted, and with Deadey assisted their friend to mount. Mr. Sullivan was unable to keep his balance and fell, but soon regained his feet, and made another attempt. Donahue and Deadey held the wheel on either side and in this manner Sullivan rode nearly a block. He became exhausted and dismounted, while Doahue took his seat in the saddle and rode some distance. Messrs Sullivan and Deadey stood near the curb watching the efforts of Donahue when suddenly Sullivan fell forward, striking heavily on the pavement. He did not move nor speak after falling, and when Deadey reached his side life had left the body. Donahue summoned a physician, but the latter's services were not needed. He pronounced heart disease as the cause of death. The body was taken to the home of Timothy Sullivan, a brother, 4737 Prairie avenue, and the police were notified.

Mr. Sullivan was unmarried and was considered an expert accountant. He had but recently graduated from the Chicago College of Law. William Sullivan of Willow Springs and John Sullivan of Hyde Park, also brothers, were notified of Michael's death, and later arrived at the home of Timothy.

The funeral occurred Monday morning. High mass of requiem was celebrated at St. Elizabeth's church, which was filled with mourners. At the conclusion of the mass, the remains were escorted to Calvary cemetery by a large cortege. Requiescat in pace.

FUNERAL OF MRS. TERESA DONAHOE.

The funeral of Mrs. Teresa Donahoe, wife of Attorney Daniel Donahoe, took place Friday morning of last week at 9 o'clock from St. Jarlath's church, Hermitage avenue and Jackson boulevard. Father Cashman of St. Jarlath's church, assisted by Fathers Cox and Cotter, celebrated solemn high mass, after which the remains were taken to Huntley, Ill., for burial. The following acted as pallbearers: Robert Walsh, James Clinnin, James C. Strain, Judge John Gibbons, Dr. J. A. McDonald and David Hayes. Mrs. Donahoe was 56 years old, and for a long time had been a sufferer from heart disease. She was a member of the Women's Catholic Order of Foresters. Her distinguished husband and two children (Henry, aged 8, and Leo, aged 5) survive her.

IN MEMORIAM.

JOHN BEEGAN.

At the regular meeting of Div. 5, A. O. H., held on June 3, the following preamble and resolutions in reference to the lamented death of the late John Beegan were passed unanimously:

WHEREAS, By the decrees of Divine Providence death has summoned from our brotherhood one of our most active and faithful members in the person of John Beegan, and while bowing submissively to the Divine Will, we deeply deplore the irreparable loss sustained by the death of our departed brother; and,

WHEREAS, We recognize that in his death we have lost a member who devoted his life sincerely to the cause of true Hibernianism; whose best efforts were ever directed toward the elevation of his people and the amelioration of their sufferings; whose heart ever burned with an undying love for Ireland as well as for the land of his adoption; whose honesty was only equalled by reverence for religion; whose home was rendered ideal by his parental affection; whose entire career stamped him as a sterling Irishman, a faithful Catholic, a devoted husband and a loving and indulgent father; and,

WHEREAS, The lives of the departed faithful should be commemorated for the guidance of the living, that their good deeds and example may be a source of inspiration to us; therefore be it

Resolved, That we, the officers and members of Div. 5, most respectfully and sincerly tender to the sorrowing family of our deceased brother, John Beegan, our most heartfelt sympathy and condolence in their hour of affliction and bereavement, with the hope that submission to the holy will of God shall enable them to bear their loss, and sustain them till all meet in the happy home above; also be it

Resolved, That as a token of respect to our departed brother, our worthy president cause the colors of Div. 5 to be draped in mourning for a period of thirty days; that a copy of these resolutions be spread on the records of our division, and that a copy of the same be forwarded to THE CHICAGO CITIZEN and New World for publication; also

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be transmitted under seal to the family of our deceased brother.

JOHN J. MAHONEY,
PATRICK COUGHLIN,
THOMAS DONOVAN,
Committee.

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DESMOND'S DEATH SCENE.

A Contributor Enters Into an Interesting Discussion on the Question as to Where the Great Geraldine "Rebel" was Murdered at the Instigation of the English Queen.

Some Facts Concerning the Power and Wealth of the Gallant and Noble Victim of Foreign Malice and Cupidity.

"Where did Desmond die?" This question has often been asked and never satisfactorily answered. Unlike many heroes in Ireland's sad but hopeful history, his resting-place is known, but the place of his awful butchery is much disputed. Not long ago THE CITIZEN published an article on "How Desmond Died," and the scene of his murder was laid in the neighborhood of Castleisland in the County of Kerry. This article was immediately followed by another, written by a gentleman residing at the National capital, questioning the correctness of the location, and stating that the murder took place near Abbeyfeale, a locality distant several miles from the location first given. The writer of the present article is not actuated by any desire for mere argument in entering into the disputed matter. If this article throws any light, even the faintest gleam, upon the unhappy spot which saw the culmination of a state plot long planned by England's Elizabeth and her cunning advisers both in England and Ireland, that opened the way for a swarm of cutthroat adventurers to possess lands and titles, many of whose descendants are a curse to Ireland down to this very hour, and which has stained its authors with an infamy as enduring as Ireland itself, the only motive of its writer shall be accomplished. Why not take an interest in the graves of our heroes? Argument concerning them is desirable. It stimulates a study of Irish history, a study too sadly neglected. True, many of these graves are obscure and unknown. Many causes are responsible for this, and tradition alone is in many cases the only guide we have to go by. Nevertheless, are not those immortal graves far dearer to us than the proudest marble England could bestow? Ireland is their monument, she has taken them to her bosom, and what nobler or better could they have?

Many years of the writer's boyhood were spent in the South of Ireland. During the summer and autumn months a good week's attendance at school was generally rewarded on Sunday with a visit to Killarney, Mallow or some other lovely spot. Glengariffe, Brandon Mountain, the Blackwater—these were familiar places before the age of twelve was reached. A desire to know the history of each place grew with time. This was once Desmond's country. His ruined homes were scattered up and down Cork and Kerry. Indeed his name still clings to an old grey keep—Castle Desmond. Traditions of him still live among the country people, and among them much of my time was passed. Small wonder that I turned to history to learn its lessons regarding him.

It is presumed that most readers of THE CITIZEN are acquainted with the events of the life and the tragic ending of Gerald, the last Earl of Desmond. To break down the power of the Norman-Irish chieftains was early the settled policy of England. The native population was to be rooted out, and Ireland "planted" with "goodly Englishmen inclined to civilitie"—that is, inclined to do the work of the government in England. Long years of residence had softened the harsh feeling between Celt and Norman. Intermingling evolved the Irishman. If not Milesian, the Geraldines were surely Irishmen. And were not many of them patriotic enough for the most exacting? How could it be otherwise? The child of the Norman warrior and the Irish mother, saw and thought and felt like most Irish children. He spoke his mother's, not his father's, tongue. If he raided the older O'Carroll or O'Moore, McCarthy or O'Byrne it was because English policy stirred him up, fearful that united the two peoples would make a powerful nation fatal to her own power, and that in the end, the disunion and weakness of both would prove their ruin.

Summed up in a few words, the cause of the war upon Desmond was confiscation, pure and simple. The religious test was applied, and Desmond remained faithful. Fire and sword were then carried into Munster. The war, if war it can be called, raged with a ferocity the equal of which can only be found in Turkey today. Spanish cruelty is kindness beside it. The country became a solitude. The lowing of a cow, or the voice of a ploughman could scarcely be heard from Dunqueen in South Kerry to Cashel in Tipperary. "They (the Irish) were brought to such wretchedness," writes Spencer, "as that any stoney heart would have rued the same. They did eat dead carrions, happy where they could find them; yea and one another soon after, insomuch that they spared not the very carcasses which they scraped out of their graves." Not that this sweet cutthroat had any sympathy for them. He was one of the private crew drawn thither by hopes of plunder. He advised the extermination to be kept up in the winter as well as in the summer, "for then," says he, "the trees are bare and naked which are used both to clothe and house the kerne; the ground is cold and wet which used to be his bedding; the air is sharp and bitter to blow through his naked sides and ligges; the kine are barren and without milk, which useth to be his food, besides being all with calf, they will through much chasing and driving cast all their calves and lose their milk which should relieve him in the next summer." The time was fast approaching when the spoilers could look around and exclaim that "there was neither horne or corne left, or roof tree upstanding."

Suffering privations like the humblest of his followers, Desmond, the proud owner of almost 600,000 acres with mansions and castles almost innumerable upon them, was hunted like a wild beast from one place to another. Nowhere was he safe, and he was kept continually moving. His wife, with the devotion characteristic of Irish womanhood whether in the mansion or in the sheeling, shared his misfortune. Christmas night, 1582, found them housed in a wretched hut near Kilmallock. Even here they were not secure, and they escaped the human bloodhounds by plunging into a river, and remaining up to their necks in water until the search for them was given up. During the summer of 1583 the hunt for Desmond was incessant. There were four faithful followers who remained with him out of the thousands who followed him at first, and with them, says Hooker, "he fled from one cavern of rock or hollow of tree to another where they did dress their meat, thence they would remove to eat it in another place, and from thence go into another place to lie. In the nights they would watch; in the forenoon the would be upon the hills and mountains to descry the country; in the afternoon they would sleep." The end of all this agony for Desmond was quickly approaching. A few more months of the outlaw's life, and his headless body was hidden away in a lonely glen by the few who remained to the last, while the poor head was sent to Elizabeth in England, placed in an iron cage, impaled on a spike, and set up to view on the bridge of London to be jeered at by the rabble.

Pressed by hunger Desmond and his followers left their hiding place in the mountains north of Castleisland, in the County of Kerry, on the 8th of November, 1583. These are the Clanruddery mountains, the chain extending almost due north and south. If we bear in mind the geography of the place, and the course people engaged in driving cattle would be most likely to follow, we may not have much difficulty in determining the locality where the final tragedy occurred. Their course lay toward Tralee, and thence skirting the northern decline of the Shive Mish mountains they pushed on toward Castlegregory, which lies on the west side of the Bay of Tralee. The party comprised Desmond, two horsemen and eighteen kernes. From their starting point their course lay almost due west, and from there to Castlegregory the distance is certainly not more than thirty miles: Remaining at some distance, Desmond sent his followers to drive off some cattle belonging to a man named Maurice McOwen. The prey consisted of forty cows and nine horses. McOwen knew who wanted them; he was under obligations to Desmond, but like many another time server, then as now, he knew Desmond's fortunes were fast falling, and he, too, "turned from the setting to the rising sun."

Owen and Donnell Moriarty, brothers-in-law of McOwen, took up the pursuit of Desmond and his party. McOwen proceeded to Dingle and found an Englishman named Stanley in command of troops there, who gave him an order on the warder of Castlemaine. This place is situated on the south side of the Slieve Mish mountains, east from Dingle about twenty-two miles. Here they obtained five soldiers, and then the pursuing party proceeded toward Tralee where they got trace of Desmond and his party. These preparations certainly occupied the most of twenty-four hours. The course followed by Desmond returning with the cattle is level. From Tralee they were traced toward Slieve Logher, the present Clanruddery, distant probably eight miles from the town just mentioned. A glen—Gleann-an-Ghinntigh—runs through a part of the mountain. Here Desmond and his party camped on the night of Nov. 10. Moriarty and his gang entered the glen the same night. This glen, which is singularly wild, with a stream of water at the bottom, is about three miles north-east of the chapel at Bally McElligott. Observing a light in a cabin in the glen, Moriarty and his party crept up to it. Within were the people they sought, but they were afraid to attack them, and concealed themselves in the glen until morning. Surrounding the cabin again they peered in and found that it contained only an old man, a woman and a boy. Then their courage rose high. Bursting in the door they inquired what had become of the rest of the party and the cattle. Not satisfied with the old man's answer, Kelly, who had been a soldier for some time in England, struck him with his sword. The blow almost severed the old man's arm from his body. "Strike me no more," he commanded, "for I am the Earl of Desmond."

His fate was soon settled. They fell upon him, an old man past eighty years, and dispatched him. Fearful that his followers would return and take possession of the body, and thereby cheat them out of the large reward for "the old grey head," they cut it off and fled to Castlemaine with it. The peasantry finding the body in the glen gave it temporary burial. This grave is still pointed out. I saw it. An ordinary mound on the left hand side of a byeway leading from the mountain road into the glen. Six weeks afterward, relatives recovered the body, and by night brought it to the family burial place at Kilnamanagh, and buried him among his own. This graveyard is about three miles east of Castleisland, and until recently, no person was interred there except a Fitzgerald. I can easily understand why the grave was left unmarked. Close to Kilnamanagh are four of Desmond's ruined castles—Kilmurry, Ballyplymouth, Ballymacadam and Castleisland.

Next year when many Irish people will return to their native land, to visit the scenes of the struggle of 1798, will not some of them stray out of their way to visit the scene, bloody for all time, which witnessed the struggle of 1583? Will some not visit this out of the way graveyard where rests the dust of a man who defied to the last the power of England, and was only subdued when treachery did its worst, and his country was made a wilderness? And as they look upon those almost forgotten graves will not the noble lines of Madden come to their mind as the did to the mind of the writer more than twenty years ago: "Is no patriot to be honored but the successful rebel? Has liberty no champions to proclaim but those who have escaped the scaffold? Has Ireland no victims to lament, no lost defenders to bewail but those whose bones are laid under the sands at Clontarf, or the green sod at Aughrim or the Boyne?" Where in all Ireland can a man set his foot that the spot has not been reddened with the blood of her children?

T. J. F.

Games of Seventh Regiment.

Members of the Seventh Regiment Athletic Association and their friends made merry on Sunday last at River Grove, the occasion being its annual outdoor athletic tournament and picnic. The entry list was filled by many clever local amateurs. In eleven of the events the winners received the association's handsome championship medal, gold, silver or bronze, according to the importance of the events. Among the most successful events were the 100 yard dashes for the championships of the first, second and third battalions and the 100 yard dash for the championship of the regiment. In these Martin Downey of Company D distinguished himself by winning the championship of the first battalion and of the regiment. In competing in the running broad jump Downey stumbled and sprained his ankle. The closing feature of the programme was a practical illustration of the duties and manœuvers of a company of modern infantry in the fighting line. A baseball match was played between teams representing Company L and the bugle and drum corps, the latter team winning in five innings by a score of 16 to 1.

$100 Reward $100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address,

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THREE GREAT CONVENTIONS.

The Young Peoples' Society of Christian Endeavor meets at San Francisco, Cal., July 7-12; National Educational Association at Milwaukee, Wis., July 6-9; Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks at Minneapolis, Minn., July 6-9. These are all National conventions, and delegates and others interested should bear in mind that the best route to each convention city from Chicago is via the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway. Two trains daily via Omaha to San Francisco; seven through trains daily via four different routes Chicago to Minneapolis; six daily trains Chicago to Milwaukee. Choice of routes to California, going via Omaha or Kansas City, returning via St. Paul and Minneapolis. Through trains vestibuled and electric lighted. All trains run on Absolute Block System. Low excursion rates to each convention. Ticket agents everywhere sell tickets over the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, or address F. A. Miller, Assistant General Passenger Agent, No. 95 Adams street, Chicago, Ill.

Something Interesting to Every Family.

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to their grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of five cents per loaf.

WHEN bilious or costive, eat a Cascaret, candy cathartic, cure guaranteed, 10c, 25c.

FIRED INTO A MOB

Lynching Spirit Met in Ohio with a Deadly Volley.

TWO OF THE CROWD ARE CORPSES

Jail Besieged by a Crowd That Howled for the Blood of a Negro Who Had Been Railroaded to Twenty Years Imprisonment for Assault on a Woman—State Guard Finally Fires a Volley.

Urbana, O., June 5.—In a riot here at 2:30 yesterday morning four lives were lost and ten citizens were wounded. At 7:30 a. m. Charles Mitchell (colored), the cause of all the trouble, was taken from the jail by infuriated citizens and lynched. The two previous nights and Thursday portended the gravest danger, but no such results were anticipated as those within the five hours from 2:30 to 7:30 a. m. yesterday. Including Mitchell, there are five dead and ten wounded. In addition to this it is feared that Mrs. Eliza Gaumer, who was criminally assaulted by the negro, will not recover, and several of the injured are in a serious condition. Besides this list of casualities there is such intense feeling against some of the officials that it will not be wiped out in the present generation and further complications are apprehend in the future. While the past two nights and the past two days witnessed scenes of lawlessness and bloodshed, yet the feeling at no time has been as intense as it is now.

Story of the Brute's Crime.

The body of Mitchell was exposed all day in a rough coffin, and it intensified the feeling among the masses who witnessed it. The bodies of the citizens who were killed were tenderly cared for, and their funerals on Sunday will tend to keep alive the bitter feeling. While the wounded are being tenderly cared for at their homes yet several of them are crippled for life and will be living reminders of the trouble. One week ago yesterday Mrs. Gaumer was criminally assaulted in daylight at her home in thiscity, near the court house. The brute accomplished his fiendish purpose and Mrs. Gaumer was protrated. She felt that it was a disgrace, and requested her son to announce that she was assaulted for robbery. It was given out that Mitchell attempted to force her to sign a check for $500. But Mrs. Gaumer's condition became more serious, the facts became known and also that the negro was afflicted with the worst disease.

Tried Practically by the Mob.

The negro was first held for robbery, but on last Wednesday he was arraigned for criminal assault. Mrs. Gaumer was unable to appear in court and the hearing was held at her home. As Mitchell entered the room she raised up and exclaimed: "The brute; hang him; how dare you face me again, you brute;" and Mitchell was hung yesterday in full view of Mrs. Gaumer's residence, which overlooks the court house and jail yards. Soon after the identification on Wednesday at Mrs. Gaumer's home there was talk of daylight lynching. Crowds surrounded the jail that night and the sheriff and the local militia had trouble all night in protecting the wretch. Thursday a grand jury was impaneled and it soon returned an indictment for criminal assault. Mitchell, disguised in a soldier's uniform, was brought from jail into court at night. He waived the reading of the indictment, pleaded guilty and was promptly sentenced to twenty years in the penitentiary, the limit for criminal assault.

ATTACK ON THE JAIL REPULSED.

But the Mob Comes Again and the Mayor Lets It Rule.

The trial was over before 9 o'clock at night. An attempt was made to take Mitchell to Columbus on the train at 10 p. m. But the crowds were about the court house and jail, and when the carriage drove up the crowd made a rush for the jail. The military drove them back, but the crowd soon increased in fury as well as in numbers, so that Sheriff McLean and troops had all they could do to hold the fort at the jail, and the trip to Columbus was given up before the departure of the last train. Large crowds had also surrounded the stations so as to make sure of Mitchell not being taken away alive. With threatening scenes on the streets and bout the public square all night it was 1:30 a. m. when the first stack of the mob was made on the jail and the military began firing. The mob was repulsed with deadly results, leaving four killed and ten wounded.

After the dead and wounded were cared for, the crowd rallied. It was daylight soon after 4 a. m. and the streets were crowded with workingmen and others long before 7 a. m. Everybody in the city was out when the lynching occurred, and in the bright daylight no masks were worn. The local militia had been on duty two nights. Governor Bushnell had been asked for more troops during the night, and before 7 a. m. a company from Springfield arrived. Just then the local company was withdrawn from the jail. Mayor Gancon met the Springfield company en route from the depot and sent these troops back, saying they were not wanted. The mob, seeing the way open, then secured a large sledge hammer and broke for the jail.

The hammer was not needed, as Sheriff McLain delivered the keys and the crowd soon found Mitchell'sceil. Throwing a rope over Mitchell's head he was dragged out, receiving some kicks and blows. When the outer door was reached the noose slipped off and Sylvester Zimmerman retied it so securely as to receive the cheers of the crowd. The rope was thrown over one of the limbs of a tree in the court house yard, Mitchell was jerked up until his head struck the limb; then his body was dropped to the ground. The crowd repeated the jerking several times, until they were sure he was dead. While the body of Mitchell was lying on the ground hundreds crowded about to see it. The colored people were greatly excited. They had previously met and adopted resolutions for the punishment of Mitchell, but many of them talked about him not being guilty.

Women and children as well as a multitude of men witnessed the lynching. There was no attempt at disguise or secrecy. The assemblage in the public square was as open as any public meetings that had ever been held in that place. The local militia company, feeling the overwhelming public feeling against it offered no resistance when the mob broke into the jail.

THE WORK IN CONGRESS.

Synopsis of the Proceedings of the National Lawmakers.

Washington, June 4.—The senate yesterday got through ten pages of the tariff bill in the metals schedule. Tillman brought up his resolution for an investigation of charges against senators in connection with the sugar tariff and moved to take it out of the committe's hands, withdrawing his motion on being assured that the resolution would be reported in due time. A resolution was adopted asking the state department to inquire into the report that the bones of American soldiers killed at Buena Vista in 1847 were bleaching under the Mexican sun.

The house adopted the report of the conference committee on the Indian appropriation bill and sustained the speaker in ruling out of order another Cuban resolution. The senate resolution appropriating $10,000 for the relief of El Paso, Tex., destitute was adopted.

Washington, June 5.—The senate had a period of speech-making yesterday and as a result little progress was made on the tariff bill. The advance covered about two pages, or seven paragraphs, and brought the senate up to the wood schedule, the first item of which was considered, but not completed. Mantle spoke for two hours on the wool schedule, urging increased rates for the wool grower, and Butler of North Carolina made a plea in behalf of the income tax. The senator referred at the outset to recent supreme court decisions on the income tax and on the anti-trust law.

Washington, June 7.—When the senate laid aside the tariff bill Saturday night it had reached the sugar schedule which has been the subject of so much interest and conflict. During the day many of the paragraphs of the wood schedule had been agreed to, but that restoring lumber to the dutiable list at $2 per 1,000 proved the greatest stumbling block encountered since the debate began, and the paragraph relating to white pine was allowed to go over with several others. The paragraphs passed over promise to take considerable time before the sugar schedule is actually taken up.

Washington, June 8.—The senate yesterday disposed of the lumber paragraph, which has been more stubbornly contested than any feature of the bill thus far, by defeating the motion of Vest to place white pine on the free list—yeas, 20; nays, 28. The contest was mainly significant in breaking party lines, which have been maintained with few exceptions during the early stages of the debate. On the final vote eight Democratic senators voted against Vest's proposition.

The house had a struggle over adjournment, the Democrats opposing, as usual, but the Republicans carried the day, and adjourned to Thursday. The only business done was to pass a bridge bill for Mississippi.

ILLINOIS ELECTS SOME JUDGES.

Chicago Chooses a Non-Partisan Ticket—General Result.

St. Louis, June 8.—Specials to The Republic indicate that the Republicans have carried twelve out of the seventeen Illinois judicial districts. All circuits show Democratic gains.

Chicago, June 8.—The judicial election yesterday was carried by the Republicans, who elected all of their candidates by pluralities of about 12,000 in the city and 4,000 in the county, outside the city. Although the ticket was called "Republican" it included all fourteen judges now on the bench of the circuit court—eight Republicans and six Democrats. In addition to judges of the circuit court one judge of the superior court and one justice of the supreme bench were voted for, but Magruder for the latter position and Brentano for the former were indorsed by both Republicans and Democrats. The Silver party had five candidates in the field for the circuit bench, but its candidates secured but about one-fifth as many votes as the Republicans.

WINFIELD IS ROUGH ON JOHNSON.

Says the Logansport Bank Wrecker Is the Worst Sort of Rascal.

Logansport, Ind., June 4.—Another sensation has developed in connection with Bank Wrecker Johnson. It will be remembered that Johnson's downfall was ascribed in part to the fact that he was overburdened with debts of his father's estate. This belief has been swept away by Judge Maurice Winfield, the family attorney, whose wife is a sister of the banker. Winfield declared that the elder Johnson's estate is and has been fully able to pay its debts.

He further denounced the convict as one of the worst scoundrels living, adding that the imprisoned banker had provided a $7,000 home for his wife while he was serving his time, and had turned his dying mother out in the world penniless. Judge Winfield says he does not care to have the bank wrecker any longer cover his crimes by heaping the blame on his dead father's name.

Chicago Fire May Be Fatal.

Chicago, June 8.—Five two-story frame dwellings were badly damaged and nine families rendered homeless by fire which broke out last evening at 201 Jefferson street. Several were carried from the burning buildings and two received severe injuries. The injured are: Mrs. Mary Wolfson, fell down a flight of stairs and fractured her skull, may die; Adolph Zfy, injured while rescuing Mrs. Minnie Silverman from the building at 201 Jefferson street. Mrs. Silverman was an invalid and the excitement may cause her death also. The damage by fire and water was about $20,000.

Earthquakes in Iowa.

Decorah, Ia., June 7.—An earthquake shock was distinctly felt in this vicinity shortly after daylight yesterday morning. No damage is reported.

Lansing, Ia., June 7.—What is supposed to have been an earthquake startled many of our citizens between 4 and 5 o'clock yesterday morning. The shock lasted but a few seconds, and was accompanied by a rumbling noise. It was heard at Waukon, eighteen miles away. The sky at the time was clear and stars shining brightly, so that it could not have been thunder.

Important Positions Filled.

Washington, June 5.—The following important nominations were made by the president yesterday: Lawrence Townsend, of Pennsylvania, to be minister to Portugal; Ellis H. Roberts, of New York, to be treasurer of the United States; Conrad N. Jordan, of New York, to be assistant treasurer of the United States at New York city.

DEATH OF DR. RUIZ.

ALLEGED REPORT OF CONSUL GENERAL LEE THEREON.

Cause of the Doctor's Taking Off a Mystery That Will Never Be Solved, Says the General—Several Ways He May Have Died—Only Thing Proved.

New York, June 8.—The Journal this morning publishes the full text of Consul General Lee's report on the Ruiz case to Secretary Sherman. It is dated Havana, May 31, and says in part:

"I deduce from my knowledge of the facts the following conclusions: First, Dr. Ruiz was arrested on a false charge. Second, he was placed under an improper jurisdiction, and died before the proper tribunal considered his case, thereby giving him no opportunity to prove his innocence. Third, he was kept 'incommunicado' in a solitary cell for 315 hours, in violation of his treaty rights, which limit such confinement to seventy-two hours. Fourth, he died from congestion of the brain, produced by a blow on the top of the head.

How Did He Receive the Blow?

"Fifth, there are two theories connected with the wound on the head. One that in a state of mental excitement he ran across the cell as described by one of the jailors and butted his head on the door in a frantic effort to get out. Another that he was struck over the head with one of the clubs carried by the jailors—by the immediate watchman—who had probably ordered him to cease his cries for relief and for his children, and upon his not doing so struck him with more force than he intended; or it is possible the blow was delivered to make him confess or give evidence against others. It is possible he went mad, and many causes combined to produce such a result.

Some Causes for Madness Suggested.

"His knowledge of his own innocence—his confinement in a gloomy cell, where he was not allowed to communicate with his family or friends, or to send or write. Alone, all alone, the thought doubtless impressed itself upon his mind that he was liable in the reign of terror then existing in and around Guanabacoa to be summarily executed at any moment. He loved his wife and children, and in the darkness and loneliness of his cell he was constantly crying out for them. The thought that they were but a few rods away and yet he might never see them again or hear the sound of their voices or feel the touch of their lips and hands maddened him and proved too much for the mind of the distracted and unhappy man.

Cause of Death Will Never Be Known.

"I thought it not improbable that as the long hours passed by his mind may have given way and left him a madman. His wife says his derby hat was all battered up and his clothes greatly torn, when returned to her. But whether when bereft of reason he inflicted the blows which produced brain congestion, or whether he died at the hands of others—the truth will probably only be known when the hearts of all are revealed—the fact remains that his unjust confinement killed him, and had he been released from incommunicado by the hand of man at the end of seventy-two hours the hand of death might not have released him at the end of the 315 hours, and today the widow would have had the support of her husband and the moans of his fatherless children would never have been heard in the land.

"I therefore, conclude, saying as I have done in all previous reports about this case, that whether Dr. Ruiz killed himself or was killed by some one else, will under the existing conditions always remain unknown."

CREMATED IN A CAR.

Collision on a Railway Caused by Forgetting Instructions.

Minneapolis, June 8.—A special to The Tribune from Hudson, Wis., says: The most disastrous wreck that ever occurred on this division of the Chicago, St. Paul, Minneapolis and Omaha railway, occurred yesterday afternoon on the double track going west from the junction. The way-freight No. 41, going west, was ordered to take the right hand track, but for some unaccountable reason took the left track, and was running at the rate of eighteen miles an hour when upon turning a short curve on a down-grade it came upon a work train backing east and toward it at a speed of thirty-five miles an hour. The collision was something terrific. On the rear of the work train, struck by engine 41, was the boarding car, in which were four men belonging to the work crew. Their names were Thomas Riely, E. S. Hurd, Milton Swain and Joseph Leighthelser, all of Eau Claire, Wis. They were never aware of their danger, and were undoubtedly instantly killed.

The car immediately took fire and their bodies were burned in the wreck before they could be rescued. Herman Reby, fireman of the piledriver on the train, was also killed, but his body was recovered, although the machine and car were burned. Frank Thayer, of Altoona, a fireman, was fatally injured. A. Seittleman, engineer of the piledriver, of Menominee, Wis., had his legs badly bruised, his nose broken and is internally injured—will probably die; James Owens, the conductor, was slightly injured; Engineer Brogan had his head bruised and face injured. All the crew on No. 41 escaped injury. Both engines are totally wrecked and burned, with the boarding car, piledriver and one furniture car.

At a late hour last night the wreck was cleared up and traffic was resumed. The remains of the four victims who were killed and afterwards burned have not been found, however. The wreck was caused by the disobedience of orders by Engineer James Owens, of the work train, and the conductor, who were given right-of-way to the westbound track. They forgot their orders and took the east-bound track, and did not discover their error until too late. Owens is nearly crased and a guard has been placed over him and both have gone to headquarters. The damage is estimated at $60,000.

Trouble Ahead for Iron Workers.

Youngstown, O., June 8.—In anticipation of the scale conference to be held here this week, a discussion of the scale has taken place in several lodges of finishers with the result that mill owners have decided that unless there is a rapid advance in the price of iron they will not sign the Amalgamated scale.

THREE FIREMEN LOSE THEIR LIVES.

Wounded Man's Notion Causes the Death of Them All.

San Francisco, June 7.—A fire in the southeastern part of the city at noon yesterday cost three firemen their lives and entailed a property loss of $100,000. The dead are: John Mahoney, of Chemical engine No. 6; Frank Killer, steward of hose cart No. 2; James Hallinan, driver of truck No. 1. The fire started mysteriously in the four-story brick building owned by Schroth & Westerfield and leased to the Standard Biscuit company. Adjacent to the brick factory was a row of old wooden buildings including a branch of the Salvation Army barracks, and the Southern police station. These seemed doomed. Fortunately the police station contained only three prisoners, but the terrified yells and appeals of the trio to be liberated caused intense excitement among the gathering crowds. They were transferred as quickly as possible to the Central station.

Meanwhile floor after floor of the cracker factory fell in, rendering the walls unsafe. Then the east wall of the factory toppled over. With the crash of the east wall occurred the tragedy of the conflagration. A score of firemen were in an adjoining paint shop. A falling timber struck Fireman Mahoney on the leg, breaking it. He refused to allow his comrades to carry him away in their arms, insisting that he must be borne off on a shutter. All but two of the band of firemen ran to procure a shutter and just as they left their injured comrade the wall fell, burying beneath a mass of brick and mortar Mahoney and his faithful friends.

SILVER REPUBLICANS TO ORGANIZE.

Bolters from the St. Louis Convention Will Form a New Party.

Chicago, June 8.—A new political organization, already christened the "Silver Republican party of the United States," is about to be formed in this city. Its promoters are: Henry M. Teller, Fred J. Dubois, John P. Jones, F. J. Cannon, Richard F. Pettigrew, Senator Mantle, Charles A. Towne, Charles S. Hartman, John S. Shafroth, Charles H. Allen. These men bolted the St. Louis convention and supported W. J. Bryan. They and their followers are now congregating here to attend a caucus today at which it is proposed to create a national committee and start the campaign for the congressional elections next year.

Ex-Representative Towne, of Duluth, acted as provisional chairman and instructions were issued by him yesterday to a corps of lieutenants, and information was disseminated as to the objects and aims of the gathering.

As explained by Towne, the initiatory step was taken Feb. 22, when the statesmen and men named issued an address calling upon the silver Republicans in every state and territory to select national committemen and have them attend a conference in Chicago on June 8, to start the fight.

Chicago Man for Lee's Place.

Washington, June 8.—Ex-Representative Frank Aldrich, of Chicago, is in the city. His purpose in visiting Washington at this time is to consult with Special Commissioner Calhoun respecting affairs in the island of Cuba. While Aldrich declines to commit himself in any way it is believed by his friends that he has been selected by President McKinley for the office of consul general to Cuba and that he will relieve General Lee before long.

Cut to Pieces by a Train.

Marion, Ind., June 8.—The meat train on the Panhandle railway picked up the remains of a man lying by the side of the track, ten miles east of this city. The body had been cut squarely in two, presumably by the night express. All that could be learned from documents found on the body was that the man's name was Duffer, and that his home was at Newark, O.

Kentucky Democrats Nominate.

Frankfort, Ky., June 4.—The Democratic state convention this year had only one nomination to make. After the contest between several aspirants was waged for two days Samuel J. Shackelford was yesterday afternoon nominated on the tenth ballot for clerk of the appellate court, over Green, the incumbent, the lowest being dropped on preceding ballots.

Durrant's Last Hope of Life.

San Francisco, June 4.—The attorneys for Theodore Durrant appeared before Judge Gilbert in the United States circuit court yesterday and applied for a writ of supersedeas for the purpose of staying the execution of sentence, but this was denied by the court. An application for leave to appeal from this decision to the supreme court of the United States was then granted.

Lassoed by a Trolley Rope.

Youngstown, O., June 8.—A suit growing out of a novel accident has been commenced in court here. John Glendeming, while riding a wheel, passed a street car. The trolley rope lassoed him about the neck, dragging him some distance before the car could be stopped. He claims $5,000 for injuries and $75 for damage to wheel.

Explosion Causes Twenty Deaths.

City of Mexico, June 8.—A boiler exploded yesterday morning in the print works of Noriega Bros., in Puebla, causing the death of twenty or more persons, the number not being positively known, as it has been impossible to remove the debris caused by the explosion.

Summarily Settled the Strike.

Pittsburg, June 4.—Jones & Laughlin have taken the bull by the horns in the strike matter at their mill and closed the entire plant indefinitely. This throws 3,500 men out of work.

THE MARKETS.

Chicago, June 7.

It being election day the Board of Trade was closed Monday.

Chicago Produce.

Produce: Butter — Extra creamery, 14½c per lb; extra dairy, 12c; fresh packing stock, 6@7c. Eggs — Fresh stock, 8½c per dozen. Live Poultry—Turkeys, 7@8c per lb; chickens, 7@7½c; ducks, 7@8c. Potatoes—Burbanks, 20@26c per bu. Honey—White clover, 11@12½c per lb; imperfect, 7@9c. Apples—Common to fancy, $2.25@3.50 per bbl.

Milwaukee Grain.

Milwaukee, June 7.

Wheat—Nominal; No. 2 spring, 69½c; No. 1 northern, 74½c; July, 67¼c. Corn Dull and unchanged; No. 3, 22@23c. Oats—Steady; No. 2 white, 21¼@22c. Barley—Steady and quiet; No. 2, 31½@32c; samples, 24@32c. Rye—Lower; No. 1, 36c

NEWS OF THE STATE.

ITEMS WHICH WILL BE OF INTEREST TO OUR READERS.

A Condensed Report of the Proceedings in the State Senate and House, Showing What the State Lawmakers Are Doing at Springfield.

Springfield, Ills., June 4.—After a vain attempt by the opposition to the street railway bill to have the record corrected to show that the bill had not been properly read Wednesday, and a hot debate over the bill itself, the senate yesterday agreed to the committee amendments, one of which strikes out the referendum, 31 to 15. McCloud wanted to regulate the price of tickets between 5 and 7 o'clock a. m. and require 20 per cent. of the gross receipts of the roads to be paid to the city, but was defeated. An attempt to strike out the enacting clause failed, and the bill was sent to third reading and made special order for today. The house amendments to the butterine, libel, Omaha exposition and several other bills were concurred in, and at 10 p. m. the senate adjourned.

Springfield, June 5.—The last day of the session of this legislature began in the senate with the street railway bill, which was passed with the amendments—31 to 18. Other bills passed: Appropriating $10,000 for the erection of an armory for the Illinois National Guard at Chicago; to compel the using of blowers on metal polishing machinery; to prevent long continued and brutal bicycle racing. A committee was appointed to notify the governor that the senate was about to adjourn and recess taken. Upon reassembling the report on the Globe Savings bank failure was presented and adopted—30 to 10—a strict party vote. A number of other bills were passed and a row took place on the claim that the original anti-butterine bill had been stolen, but the president signed the bill. The rest of the time was devoted to recesses while waiting for the house.

The house began with a row over the correction of the journal, and then the anti-department store bill was taken up and after a long debate killed—77 to 63. The Allen street railway bill came over from the senate, and raised another long and hot debate, which ended by the passage of the bill with the senate amendments. Bills were passed: Prohibiting the employment of child labor; revising the building and loan law; the grocers' garnishment bill; licensing plumbers; permitting the combination of manufacturing and mining companies, in order to increase wages. Both revenue bills indorsed by the Chicago real estate board were defeated, as was the senatorial apportionment bill. The house was in session until long after midnight. The clock being turned back several times.

Both houses adjourned sine die at 4:00 this morning.

Mrs. Alday Demands Vindication.

Moline, Ills., June 5.—The remains of Adam Alday were exhumed by the order of Alday's second wife, now Mrs. John Osbar. She says she is determined to refute the accusation of murder by slow poison which has been hinted at as one of the sensational charges against her. The physicians were about to begin their gruesome task when Coroner Eckhart arrived on the scene, accompanied by State's Attorney Searle, and informed the would-be examiners that he would take charge of the remains and hold a public inquest.

Where Is the State of Illinois?

Sterling, Ills., June 4.—No traces of the murderers of young George Kauffman have yet been found. The bloodhounds put on their trail followed the scent for a mile and a half, then lost it, and a heavy rain since has destroyed all hopes of result. Excitement among the farmers is increasing, and there is no doubt that should the guilty parties be found a lynching would follow. So intense is the feeling in Whiteside county and Jordan township that officers dare not even arrest suspected persons.

Met to Urge River Improvement.

Roodhouse, Ills., June 7.—A mass convention and fish-fry, attended by thousands of people from all over this section of the state, was held here Saturday to take steps to induce the government to improve the locks and dams in the Illinois river. The affair was under the management of the Lower Illinois River Valley Improvement association.

Illinois State Sportsmen's Shoot.

Chicago, June 4.—At the State Sportsben's shooting tournament yesterday the team shoot was won by the Pistakee club, which won it last year. The score was 96 out of forty. The sweepstakes at ten birds was finished, a number of men being tied at ten.

State Notes.

Edward A. Clifford, of Illinois, has been appointed cashier of the government printing office.

Pulmonary diseases killed 416 persons at Chicago during the month of May.

The master in chancery of Madison county, Illinois, will sell on Saturday, June 12, to the highest bidder the enormous plant of the Madison (Ills.) Car company.

At Saunemin, Ills., a grain elevator containing 30,000 bushels of oats belonging to Bartlett, Frazier & Co., of Chicago, was burned to the ground.

Rev. Brown Again Vindicated.

Chicago, June 8.—At a meeting of the Chicago Congregational association yesterday a vote was taken on the admission of the Rev. C. O. Brown, late of San Francisco, and it was decided to admit him to fellowship—87 to 25. The result was greeted with applause. Dr. Brown has been preaching at the Green Street church for some time, and will remain there.

Sorg a Candidate for Senator.

Cincinnati, June 8.—The Times-Star publishes an interview with Representative Paul Sorg, in which he officially anounces his candidacy for United States senator in the event that the Democrats secure a majority of the members of the legislature to be elected next November.

Jones & Laughlin Win the Strike.

Pittsburg, June 8.—The strike at Jones & Laughlin's American Iron works is broken and a general resumption is expected in a few days. When the gates were opened yesterday morning the machinists, chainmakers, boltmakers and foundrymen returned to work.

HISTORY OF A WEEK.

Wednesday, June 2.

The old revenue cutter Andy Johnson was sold by the government to the naval reserve of Cleveland, O., for $2,250.

Chicago's fire department dedicated a monument to the memory of the men who perished in the fire at the Cold-Storage building at the world's fair in July, 1893.

Libby prison at Chicago will soon be closed. The Appomattox table, the first oil portrait of Grant, and all the other pictures, documents, cannon, rifles, shot and shell forming the collection of American war relics, probably will find a resting place in Washington.

Ex-Governor John P. Altgeld, of Illinois, is one of the latest converts to wheeling.

Perley Lowe, of Chicago, has purchased the season's cut of the Peshtigo (Wis.) lumber company, 5,000,000 feet. The lumber will be piled, planed and shipped from Peshtigo. The consideration was about $300,000.

Thursday, June 3.

The Derby of 1897, Derby stakes of 6,000 sovereigns, was won by J. Gubbins' brown Galtee More, a horse bred in Ireland. This is the first Derby won by an Irish horse.

Edgar Harris, a letter carrier of Baltimore, shot and killed his 12-year-old son George and his young daughter Ada, wounded his daughter Ella, aged 14, and then himself. He will die.

Judge Phillips, of the United States district court, has sentenced Earl Bell, of Chillicothe, Me., to six months in jail for passing a counterfeit bill at a voting contest to determine the most beautiful woman of Chillicothe.

Miss Cora B. Hertzel has been appointed one of the five assistant counsel in the office of Corporation Counsel Thornton at Chicago, a place which no woman ever before held.

The United States fish commission will devote considerable time and money this season to the hatching of lobsters in Maine waters.

Friday, June 4.

Application was made at Pittsburg for a receiver for the Westmoreland Firebrick company on account of its inability to pay $37,000. The assets include the plant and property valued at $130,000.

John Vance, who has been living in a sod shanty near Logging Creek, Mont., for five years, has fallen heir to an estate valued at $3,600,000.

Modesto, Cal., has a street sprinkler with eight-inch wheels so built that the wheels do not track. Thus at each trip thirty-two inches of the street get a packing as if from a heavy roller.

Vandals have chipped pieces from the graves of John Hancock, Paul Revere and Increase Sumner in the old Granary burying ground at Boston.

Professor Charles Eliot Norton, of Harvard, has been made president of the Arts and Crafts society, which was organized in Boston the other day.

A waterspout struck Jasper, S. D., damaged the crops and made the railway tracks impassable.

Saturday, June 5.

A hotel at Umtall, in Mashonaland, is being advertised in South African newspapers as "this old-established hotel."

Scottish golf women are vigorous. A horse struck by a golf ball during a ladies' tournament at Burntisland fell as though shot dead.

The board of health of Oshkosh, Wis., has been notified that a young man who came across the ocean on a ship that had a victim of smallpox aboard is going to Oshkosh.

While Mrs. Ellen McInerney, of Chicago, was at church, thieves entered her home and stole two United States government bonds, one of $500 and the other $100.

M. Chauvin, a doctor of laws and lecturer in the law faculty of the University of Paris, has been forbidden to give his law lectures on account of his expressing publicly socialist opinions in politics.

An unidentified man, apparently a laborer, 40 years old, was killed by a Chicago and Erie railroad train at Chicago.

Monday, June 7.

At Jeffersonville, Ga., R. R. Newly and J. H. Newly, father and son, engaged in a shooting affray with J. R. and M. Defore, brothers. Ten shots were fired and R. R. Newly was mortally wounded.

R. W. Scruggs, the St. Louis dry goods merchant, and E. S. Langhorne, another prominent St. Louis man, have been held to the United States grand jury at New York for attempted smuggling.

Under an old Missouri law providing a penalty for vagrancy and wife-desertion Herbert Hauling will be sold at auction at St. Louis Thursday next.

Nikola Tesla, the electrician, says he has discovered a method to telegraph between two distant points without wire, and may be able to telegraph to the planets.

The "divine healer," Schlatter, is heard from again, dead this time, in the Sunn mountains. About a week ago he was riding a wheel in the eastern states.

Republicans carried the election for mayor and city officers at Wilmington, Del., Saturday by 500 majority. The Democrats control the council by one majority.

Governor Clough, of Minnesota, has refused to obey a summons to appear before the grand jury, in order to test the question whether a governor can be required to so appear.

Pure

Blood means sound health. With pure blood your stomach and digestive organs will be vigorous; no dyspepsia. Rheumatism and neuralgia will be unknown. Scrofula and salt rheum will disappear. Your nerves will be strong, your sleep sound, sweet and refreshing. Hood's Sarsaparilla makes pure blood. That is why it cures so many complaints. That is why thousands take it to cure disease, retain health.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the One True Blood Purifier. Small size, 2s. 9d.; large, 4s. 6d. Sold by all chemists, or by post of C. I. Hood & Co., 34, Snow Hill, London, E. C.

Hood's Pills cure Liver Ills; easy to take, easy to operate. 1s. 1½d.

TRICKY BABY PETE.

HE COMMITTED THE THEFTS FOR WHICH A MAN WAS DISCHARGED.

A Midnight Adventure In the Winter Quarters of an Elephant Herd — How Sly Pete Got Away From His Stake and Stole a Bag of Oats.

Pete is the baby elephant of one of the big circus herds. During his confinement in winter quarters he played a trick on his keeper, which the man relates as follows:

"Pete is a tiny little fellow and does not weigh more than 600 or 800 pounds, but I actually believe he would eat as many pounds of oats if he had access to them. The elephant house was dark one night, and I supposed every one of the animals was sound asleep, when my attention was attracted by a subdued, rasping noise, apparently coming from the farther end of the big herd. Instead of walking down in front of them all, I went around and came in at the other end. Hiding behind some bales of straw, I peered cautiously over to where the little rascal was chained, and there he was, carefully lifting his stake out of the ground. I saw in an instant that he had had the stake out before that time, for all he had to do was to lift it up and it came out. He slipped his foot chain down over the tapering end of the stake and was free.

"Across the room, distant perhaps 20 feet or more from his place, were piled some sacks of grain, containing about 100 pounds each. Picking up the foot chain very carefully with his trunk, so that it would not rattle or jangle upon the floor, he began the most delicate, sinuous, gliding motion across the space that separated him from the grain I ever saw, and I never imagined an elephant could go so quietly. I crouched behind the bales of straw, afraid to move for fear he would hear me and stop.

"On he went, cautiously, slowly, but steadily, until he was within reaching distance of the sacked grain. Then he laid the chain down and picked up a bag of oats with his trunk. His journey back to the herd, 20 feet away, was performed even more cautiously than had been his advance, for he had to drag the chain without making a noise. All the time he held the sack of grain tightly in his trunk, and his mouth must have watered when he thought of the feast he was going to have. He reached the herd at last and went up to great big Babylon, who stood like a bronze statue, her massive sides looming up like the sides of a house in the gloom. Pete stopped, and Babylon, whom I had imagined fast asleep, took the oats. They got into the bag in a jiffy and then began a feast. Pete filled his mouth and munched away like a man eating dry crackers on a wager. He knew that his big companion in crime would get the most of the oats if he lost any time. Babylon put away almost half the oats at the first jump out of the bag, and poor little Pete, with his mouth full, looked at her with his watery little eyes, as much as to say, 'Oh, what a hog!' and gulped the oats down his little throat at the risk of choking to death.

"I thought it was about time to make a noise, just to disconcert them. I had seen enough to assure me that a hostler who had been discharged hadn't been instrumental in the disappearance of divers and sundry bags of oats, and, as I walked around toward the other end of the elephant house, I wondered what I should do to punish the thieves. The big one had had a painful operation performed a few months before, and I thought that any sight of the instruments that had been used at that time would give her a good fright. When I had reached my own sleeping room, I purposely made a noise and heard the shuffling sounds of sly little Pete as he shambled back to his place. He picked his stake up, put it down in the ground, and would have put it through the ring in the chain if he had had time. When I came along, he was leaning against the wall asleep. I gave him a gentle prod, and he awakened suddenly, with that sleepy stare that a person has when awakened from slumber. But he soon knew that I was on to him, for, when I ordered him to open his mouth, he didn't want to do it. He finally obeyed, and there were the oats. His mouth was jammed full of them. I didn't do anything to him, but walked over to big Babylon. She was his partner in crime, but she was playing possum too.

"I had a good deal of trouble to wake her up and more to make her open her mouth. Much to her chagrin, I imagine, it was full of oats, and she had the empty sack closely rolled up and packed in with them. She was sheepish and ashamed, I assure you, if ever an elephant put on that expression. To punish her I ordered her to sit down and open her mouth and made a motion as if to pass a great pair of forceps into it, which had been used during the operation I referred to. She shut her mouth and cried like a baby, and was so thoroughly frightened that she never trespassed again. But that sly little Pete—why, he is more trouble than the entire herd, and he just gets loose whenever he wants to."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Women as Soldiers.

"I do not see," said a clever woman, "why the newspapers should feel called upon to poke fun at the new law in Colorado which permits women to serve in the state militia. In time of battle woman is just as necessary as man. Just wearing a uniform and shooting a gun are not all that constitute a soldier. What about woman's place in the hospitals during time of war? Does it not require a brave heart and a strong nerve to wait on the wounded or dying? Is not a woman a soldier who can assist the surgeon as he amputates a limb or binds a fractured bone? Are not the Red Cross nurses soldiers? It seems to me that a woman will make just as good a soldier as a man and always find her place in time of war."

PHOTOGRAPHING A SHOT.

Wonderful Experiments In Determining the Time of a Flash of Electricity.

Recent achievements in the moving photography that has produced the animatograph, biograph, cinematograph and other representations of motion are not more wonderful than the lately perfected photography of the flying bullet. Professor C. Vernon Boys, F. R. S., has worked on this seemingly unsolvable problem with great success, as have also two Italian artillery officers.

In the course of a lecture on the subject, Mr. Boys demonstrated that the ordinary notion that an electric spark is instantaneous was quite erroneous and stated that the light of the two ends of the ordinary electric spark lasted a little less than the one-hundred thousandth part of a second. It was, of course, instantaneous to our senses, but to tests which could measure accurately to the one-hundred millionth part of a second the electric spark was anything but instantaneous. This spark was no good for taking the photograph of a flying bullet, as the lecturer showed by exhibiting one of his attempts, which made quite a blurred picture.

Mr. Boys then proceeded to explain the steps which he took in order to reduce the length of time of the electric spark. To this end it was essential that the terminals should be made of copper, platinum or some metal which did not produce readily an ignitible vapor, and the electric current must not be driven through wires at all. He used a very thick, broad band of copper, not more than two inches long, which reached around the edge of the plate, so that the electric current had not more than three or four inches to go altogether. He explained by diagrams how he had effected his object and shortened the time of the spark to about one-thirteen millionth of a second, or about 100 times quicker than the ordinary flash.

To give the audience some idea of the infinitesimal fraction of time, he said the time occupied by the spark as reduced by his apparatus was proportionately as much less than a second as a second was less than five months, and during that time a bullet fired from a magazine rifle could not travel more than one five hundredth part of an inch. By this simple contrivance he was able to get a brighter and shorter spark and all that was necessary to make a good and sharp picture.—New York World.

OVEREDUCATED.

Cultivated Greeks Compelled to Work at Uncongenial Tasks.

It is one of the curious apparent contradictions of the country and the people that whereas a large percentage of the population can neither read nor write, the bane of the nation is over education, says the London Journal in an article upon the Greeks. The university and high schools act as magnets, attracting all the clever or ambitious youth of the country, large numbers of whom are duly stamped every year with the academic seal and turned adrift with larger demands on society than their fathers ever had and less means of satisfying them. Hence a considerable number of young men throughout the country who can speak several languages and have acquired large stores of general or technical knowledge are forced to earn their bread by means of uncongenial work. These individuals are dissatisfied with the established order of things, which makes no special provision for them, and they gladly lend their aid to social reformers or political agitators of all parties and professions.

Not that there are any political parties in Greece in the sense in which these exist in most constitutional countries. Men, not measures, is the universal cry; individual interest is the line of cleavage. The crowd follows one of the two men whose heads are above those of their fellows. The successful leader then provides places for the few who are chosen as well as called, and high sounding rhetoric for the many. People change sides from time to time according to the outlook, and nobody accuses them of being renegades. In no case is there any principle at stake. The members of the little parliament at Athens receive but a couple of thousand drachmas a year (roughly speaking, £50) from the state, but in some cases this constitutes the sole support of the legislator's family.

A Cough Remedy.

A troublesome throat irritation or cough, the result of a cold, is most annoying, but a home remedy will relieve and oftentimes cure it without the aid of other medicines. The following formula was given by a physician many years ago and has been found to be of great value: Take a quarter of a pound of the best gum arabic and pour over it half a pint of hot water. Cover and leave it until the gum is dissolved. Then add a quarter of a pound of pure white sugar and a generous half gill of strained lemon juice. Place these ingredients over the fire and let them simmer about ten minutes. Then pour the mixture into a bottle and cork. When taking this sirup, a little water may be added.

Patriotism and Ignorance.

Tommy—Isn't it funny, ma, how ignorant it makes a man when he gets to be a patriot?

Ma—Why, Tommy, what gave you that idea?

Tommy—Why, ma, didn't the lecturer say last night that the man who is a patriot should know no north nor south nor east nor west?—Richmond Dispatch.

An Improvement.

Art Dealer—The perspective is very fine. You'll observe how it removes objects in the background to a wonderful distance.

Connoisseur—If it could only remove the objects in the foreground to a wonderful distance, don't you think the picture would come nearer to perfection?—Boston Transcript.

A SURPRISED SHARK.

A HINDOO WITH A ROPE PROVED TOO MUCH FOR HIM.

A Swimming Contest In Which the Man Surpassed the Fish—A Thrilling Scene, Upon Which an Immense Throng of People Looked With Varying Emotions.

"Talk about your shark hunters in the south Pacific islands," remarked the old traveler, "but I remember seeing an encounter with one of those long toothed gentry that for cool nerve beat anything I ever read about.

"I was loafing around Calcutta one day, late in the autumn, waiting for the evening train up to the city of Hugli, when I heard a tremendous shouting coming from the direction of the river Hugli, which is practically one of the mouths of the Ganges. Trotting over to the shore as fast as a white man ever traveled in India, I saw a huge commotion. Natives were hurrying away from the bank as if in terror and then running back as if their curiosity had overcome their greatest fears. The river was full of boats. The occupants of the larger ones were screaming with excitement, while those in the small ones were shrieking and jabbering with a considerable amount of fear.

"I soon discovered that the fuss had been created by a large shark which had come up with the tide and had ventured a little farther than it was customary for sharks to do. His dorsal fin was cutting the water here and there, and when occasionally he turned on his back and sent his nose and grinning teeth above the water groans and screams of horror went up in all directions. His sharkship was evidently out for supper and was casting longing glances at the succulent Hindoo babies, of whom a considerable number were in sight.

"In the midst of all the hubbub a tall, lank Hindoo stepped out upon the roof of a kind of houseboat and in a short speech announced that he would catch the shark.

"Instantly a dead hush fell upon the multitude. The Hindoo stood erect. He was perfectly naked save for a little garment at the loins, which our Texas cowboys call a 'gee string.' He was armed only with a long rope like a lariat, which he held behind his back with his left hand.

"Presently Mr. Shark came to the surface about eight yards from the boat and immediately the Hindoo plunged overboard.

"A chorus of groans and exclamations went up, in the midst of which the Hindoo reappeared, swimming with his right hand. Man and shark faced each other, and I fancied that I saw a pleased expression in the monster's eye, as much as to say, 'Well, this is civil, to say the least.'

"The shark evidently thought he had a 'cinch' on the situation, for he swam leisurely toward the Hindoo, turned slowly upon his back and opened his mouth. The mouth closed with a snap and the people screamed, but the Hindoo had dived, and presently he appeared again on the off side of the shark, smiling and still carrying his rope.

"The big fish looked surprised and then made another gentle dab at the Hindoo. The result was the same, and Mr. Hindoo came up fresh for the third round.

"Then the shark began to grow angry and made a vicious run at the Hindoo, and again he missed. The people on shore and in the boats began to feel confidence in the human champion, and their groans were changed to applause. Every time the man made a point against the fish those heathens would send up a rousing cheer.

"Well, by this time the thing was getting exciting. I never saw such swimming before, and I never will again. The man was a regular water snake. He dodged, twisted, dove and jumped like an eel. The fish made charge after charge. Once his fin grazed the Hindoo's arm, and the water was colored with blood. The man's stock went down a point, but it soon rose again, when the crowd began to see that the fish simply wasn't in it. The man was beating him at his own game. You see, the fish could only go in one direction—straight ahead like an arrow—while the man turned and doubled like a fox.

"Well, by and by the exertion and excitement told on the monster. He got rattled, churned the river into foam, and then became quiet again. At this moment the Hindoo faced him again. It was the last round.

"The shark charged languidly. The man waited, lying in the water until the great mouth was open to seize him. Then, with a convulsive backward leap, he straightened his body and sank, feet downward, like a plummet of lead.

"The shark settled down over him, lashing the water into a lather foam. They seemed to be grappling with each other. The crowd groaned and screamed, and then became silent.

"For the space of what seemed many minutes the people watched the surface of the water until even the bubbles had disappeared and all was quiet.

"'Lost! Lost!' screamed a priest, and the mob re-echoed the cry and began to beat their breasts like a lot of madmen. Then suddenly in the middle of it all the Hindoo reappeared, 30 yards up the stream. Both hands were above his head, and he was screaming, 'Tan, tan, tan!' He had slipped the noose of his lariat around the shark's tail and drawn it taut, and he held the free end in his hand.

"In an instant it was ashore, and a score of Hindoos were drawing at it. It took them half an hour to get Mr. Shark ashore, for he pulled like a locomotive, but they finally managed it.

"He proved to be nine feet long and sold for a sum which enabled his captor to live in comfort for nearly half a year."—Philadelphia Telegraph.

Nearly half of the life insurance carried in Illinois is in the fraternal societies.

GRANT AS A WRITER.

His Style Was Vigorous and Terse, With Little Ornament.

General Horace Porter in "Campaigning With Grant" in The Century expresses the following opinion of Grant as a writer: His powers of concentration of thought were often shown by the circumstances under which he wrote. Nothing that went on around him, upon the field or in his quarters, could distract his attention or interrupt him. Sometimes, when his tent was filled with officers talking and laughing at the top of their voices, he would turn to his table and write the most important communications. There would then be an immediate "Hush!" and abundant excuses offered by the company, but he always insisted upon the conversation going on, and after awhile his officers came to understand his wishes in this respect, to learn that noise was apparently a stimulus rather than a check to his flow of ideas, and to realize that nothing short of a general attack along the whole line could divert his thoughts from the subject upon which his mind was concentrated.

In writing his style was vigorous and terse, with little of ornament. Its most conspicuous characteristic was perspicuity. General Meade's chief of staff once said, "There is one striking feature about Grant's orders—no matter how hurriedly he may write them on the field, no one ever has the slightest doubt as to their meaning or ever has to read them over a second time to understand them." The general used Anglo-Saxon words much more frequently than those derived from the Greek and Latin tongues. He had studied French at West Point and picked up some knowledge of Spanish during the Mexican war, but he could not hold a conversation in either language, and rarely employed a foreign word in any of his writings. His adjectives were few and well chosen. No document which ever came from his hands was in the least degree pretentious. He never laid claim to any knowledge he did not possess and seemed to feel, with Addison, that "pedantry in learning is like hypocrisy in religion—a form of knowledge without the power of it."

He rarely indulged in metaphor, but when he did employ a figure of speech it was always expressive and graphic, as when he spoke of the commander at Bermuda Hundred being "in a bottle strongly corked" or referred to our armies at one time as moving "like horses in a balky team, no two ever pulling together." His style inclined to the epigrammatic without his being aware of it. There was scarcely a document written by him from which brief sentences could not be selected fit to be set in mottos or placed upon transparencies. As examples may be mentioned: "I propose to move immediately upon your works," "I shall take no backward steps," the famous "I propose to fight it out on this line if it takes all summer," and, later in his career, "Let us have peace," "The best means of securing the repeal of an obnoxious law is its vigorous enforcement," "I shall have no policy to enforce against the will of the people" and "Let no guilty man escape."

FIRST WHITE HOUSE BATH.

Van Buren Was Criticised For Introducing the Tub Into the Mansion.

In an article on "The Domestic Side of the White House," in The Ladies' Home Journal, ex-President Harrison gives this interesting view of the home portion of the executive mansion: "Properly speaking," he says, "there are five bedrooms in the executive mansion, though by the use of two dressing rooms and of the end of a short hall that formerly opened to a large north window, but has now been closed up to make a small bedroom, the number may be increased to eight. There are no suitable servants' quarters. Those provided are in the basement, and only those opening to the south are habitable. The north rooms open upon a damp brick arena and are unhealthy. One of the basement rooms, having a southern exposure, is fitted up as a billiard room, but very plainly.

"It is said that provision for a library for the White House was first made during Mr. Fillmore's term. Neat cases are arranged about the room, and most of them are filled with books—old editions of historical and classical works. There is no catalogue, and the library has not been kept up.

"President Adams introduced billiards into the White House, purchasing the first table, balls and cues at a cost of $61, paying for them out of his own pocket. President Van Buren was charged by a political adversary and scathing critic as being the first of our presidents to discover that the pleasures of the warm or tepid bath are the proper accompaniments of a palace life. For it appears that our former presidents were content with the application, when necessary, of the simple shower bath. Mr. Van Buren's critic then refers with high approval to the salutary side of Mr. Adams' heroic habit of bathing in the Potomac 'between daybreak and sunrise.'"

Color Run Mad.

Are we not losing any innate perception of grace of line and harmony of coloring that we may once have possessed through our weak minded submission to chameleon coated Dame Fashion, who plays pranks that at times are positively sardonic? I saw a woman the other day in a bonnet that boasted three shades of pink, two of magenta, four of green, three of yellow and a fine blob of scarlet like a "little round button at top." And at first I thought she looked nice! It took time to realize that each tint clashed with the other tint, so decadent had become my taste in millinery.—Woman.

Necessarily So.

Maud—Is life worth the living? Ah, that is a great conundrum!

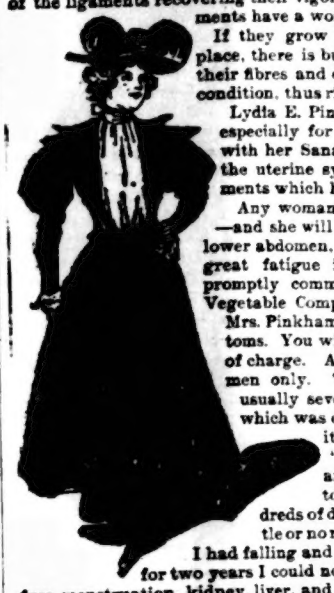
Cynicus—Yes. We all have to give it up.—Brooklyn Life.

DOCTORS HAD GIVEN HER UP.

A Convincing Letter From One of Mrs. Pinkham's Admirers.

No woman can look fresh and fair who is suffering from displacement of the womb. It is ridiculous to suppose that such a difficulty can be cured by an artifical support like a pessary.

Artificial supports make matters worse, for they take away all the chance of the ligaments recovering their vigor and tone. Use strengthens; the ligaments have a work to do.



If they grow flabby and refuse to hold the womb in place, there is but one remedy, and that is to strengthen their fibres and draw the cords back into their normal condition, thus righting the position of the womb.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is designed especially for this purpose, and, taken in connection with her Sanative Wash, applied locally, will tone up the uterine system, strengthening the cords or ligaments which hold up the womb.

Any woman who suspects that she has this trouble—and she will know it by a dragging weight in the lower abdomen, irritability of the bladder and rectum, great fatigue in walking, and leucorrhœa—should promptly commence the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. If the case is stubborn, write to Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn., Mass., stating freely all symptoms. You will receive a prompt letter of advice free of charge. All letters are read and answered by women only. The following letter relates to an unusually severe case of displacement of the womb, which was cured by the Pinkham remedies. Surely it is convincing:

"Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Blood Purifier cured me when the doctors had given me up. I had spent hundreds of dollars searching for a cure, but found little or no relief until I began the Pinkham remedies. I had falling and displacement of the womb so badly that for two years I could not walk across the floor. I also had profuse menstruation, kidney, liver, and stomach trouble. The doctors said my case was hopeless. I had taken only four bottles of the Vegetable Compound and one of the Blood Purifier when I felt like a new person. I am now cured, much to the surprise of my friends, for they all gave me up to die. Now many of my lady friends are using Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound through my recommendation, and are regaining health. It has also cured my little son of kidney trouble. I would advise every suffering woman in the land to write to Mrs. Pinkham for aid."—Mrs. Emma Pangborn, Alanson, Mich.

TOOLS FOR SURGEONS.

Where the Carvers In Human Flesh Find Their Implements.

Every great city has a hundred and one curious businesses and trades, factories, individual callings and shops that seem to bear no especial relation to the commerce of every day. It does not seem as if these odd business interests had much to do with the prosperity of the world, or were concerned in it at all. It is typically American that perhaps the most interesting of the strange establishments in New York deals with science and inventive ingenuity.

The building where this curious business—it is the manufacturing of every sort of surgical instrument and device—is lodged is itself one of the strangest in New York. But a few blocks from the city hall, it looks as though the surrounding piles of brick and mortar had squeezed it into half its proper compass. The first floor is a salesroom. The hall floors above are devoted to stock, plan and work rooms. In a little two story building in the yard at the back is the "experimental and repair workshop," where eight to ten nimble fingered mechanics are on hand.

There is here one room where remarkable ideas are born or assume form, each one of them concerning in some way the physical welfare of men. Every inch of its wall is covered with framed photographs of the most famous physicians, past and present, of Europe and America, each bearing an autograph signature, all in frames precisely the same. A huge, old fashioned desk stands by the window, piled high with foreign scientific reviews in all languages, catalogues and models in gleaming metal, hard rubber and glass. Here the present controllers of the establishment sit all day, poring over drawings or half designed instruments and studying the suggestions and ideas that scientific and medical men from all ends of the country pour into their ears.

The elder of these men has been at this work for 47 years, and the establishment was not young then. Thousands upon thousands of surgical devices have come forth from it. Four hundred or 500, perhaps 1,000, inventions of real practical value and utility are turned out of this room each year. Doctors write, describing what a certain medical appliance, could it be made thus, might perhaps, probably would, accomplish, and forthwith plans are made, and after much study and care the instrument is designed and dispatched.

No charge is made the doctors, nor, on the other hand, do the medical men derive any profit, however successful their idea may work out. The establishment considers it an honor to be applied to, the more times the better, and it knows the repute of its product is spreading far and wide. Thousands of dollars yearly go out on this continual experimenting. Some of them never return. Even in the event of great success and the discovery of a completely new surgical principle a patent is seldom taken out. The doctor inventor cannot because of medical ethics. The establishment finds it hardly worth its while because of the expense and the small number made of any one instrument.

It is as good as a fairy story of the old sort to spend an hour or more in this room and see and hear of the curious things being planned and experimented with. Many seem to the laymen fantastic in their uses and the results accomplished with them not to be believed. One instrument of this sort is the bullet probe telephone, with which the modern surgeon, an ordinary telephone receiver strapped to his ear, can bear when his probe touches the bullet far within the tissues, a distinct click.

Many of the implements made here have almost revolutionized certain branches of surgery. In a box on the heaped up desk spoken of lay, the last time the writer visited this room, a delicately adjusted, minute instrument, with a scale marked along its length. Its purpose was to make probing in the brain safe beyond a doubt. A probe of any required size fitted into the handle, and as the surgeon gently inserted the tip and went farther and farther within the skull the scale would register the exact energy of the pressure. Beyond a certain point there was danger in penetration. If the scale registered over a certain fraction of an ounce, it proved that the probe had left the track of the bullet and had touched cellular matter.

"The most curious thing I ever made?" replied the old instrument maker, repeating the question. "That is a hard one to answer. There have been so many strange things. But—yes—I think the most curious was an appliance I designed on the ideas of a doctor somewhere in the southwest for 'sucking' snake bites. It was a little instrument any one could carry around with him, and when set on the wound would, the doctor thought—I don't know, I can't say myself—suck the poison out in short order. I made the instrument according to instructions, and the doctor professed himself well satisfied. How it worked in actual practice I never heard."—New York Tribune.

THE CATBIRD'S PLIGHT.

Forty Birds to the Rescue—How It Was Finally Set Free.

"Going through the woods one day," said a lover of birds, "I saw a catbird with one of its wings caught on a brier bush. There was a clump of briers here, with a narrow opening at one place between two of the bushes. The catbird had tried to fly through that opening and had made a miscalculation and got one of its wings impaled on a thorn. The other wing was free, and it was flapping that and trying to get clear of the bush.

"Around this bush there must have been at least 40 other birds, of one kind or another, catbirds and brown thrashers and wrens and grass chippies, and so on, that had been attracted by the unfortunate catbird's cries and its efforts to escape, and that appeared to have gathered there to help it. They fluttered about close to the bush, flying around at a great rate and making a lot of noise, but not really doing anything. Some of the smaller birds would fly around very close to the bush or even fly under it, and I imagine some of the bigger birds saying to some of these venturesome little fellows, 'Here, you brown thrasher, you, why don't you get under him there and push on his wing?' But the brown thrasher would only go about so close. He wasn't going to get caught. What the birds would have done finally I don't know. I think they would have helped the catbird in some way, but I undertook to help it myself.

"Of course I couldn't go right up to it, for that would have frightened it, and may be made it hurt itself even worse. I had with me a sawed off broom stick that I carried for a walking stick, and I undertook to free the catbird with that. I thrust the stick through the brier bush, all the other 40 birds looking on, and brought the end of it gently against the catbird's wing and pushed the wing off the thorn. But in starting away the catbird got the wing caught again on another thorn. That was bad, and I stood off a minute deliberating about what to do next the whole flock of birds still fluttering round and the imprisoned catbird now pretty nearly exhausted. It was a time to drop all ceremony, and I simply walked up to the bush and took the catbird off the thorn with my hands.

"Just beyond the brier bushes there was a smooth grassy spot in the woods and I laid the catbird down there, the whole lot of birds that had been hovering about the brier bush following along, more or less near, and hanging around there. Pretty soon the catbird got up and flew to a little tree nearby. It wasn't strong, but it could fly and its wings were all right. When it flew up into the tree, all the other birds flew away. From the tree the catbird sang its thanks to me, and there I left it."—New York Sun.

The word "fie" or its equivalent in sound exists in all languages, and in every one is expressive of disgust. In the Icelandic the word "pfui" means putridity.

The entire trade of this country with Samoa in 1894 was less than $750,000.

Crater lake, in Oregon, is the deepest body of fresh water in America.

THE CHICAGO CITIZEN.

[PUBLISHED WEEKLY.]

JOHN F. FINERTY,
CHIEF EDITOR.

Office, McCormick Block, 69 Dearborn-St.

TERMS:

One Year, Single Subscription.....$2.00
Six Months.....1.00
Single Copies.....05

All Subscriptions payable in Advance.

Entered at the Postoffice, Chicago, for transmission through the Mail as second-class matter.

The publishers will not be responsible for any money forwarded through the mail, unless it is sent by Express Money Order, Postoffice Order, Draft, or Registered Letter.

All Communications of a literary nature should be addressed to the Editor. All business letters should be addressed to THE CHICAGO CITIZEN Company.

Official Newspaper of the A. O. H. of Illinois and the United Irish Societies of Chicago and Cook County.

THE CHICAGO CITIZEN Company.
BOARD OF DIRECTORS:
JOHN J. MAHONEY, WALTER J. GIBBONS,
JOHN T. KEATING, JOHN ROCHE,
JOHN F. FINERTY.

CHICAGO, JUNE 12, 1897.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st., between Clark and LaSalle-sts.—Chas. Frohman's Company in "Never Again."

CLIFFORD'S GAIETY THEATRE.
Washington-st., between Clark and LaSalle—Little Miss Chicago "In Gay Paris."

SCHILLER THEATRE.
Randolph street, between Dearborn and Clark—"The Beggar Student."

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Southwest corner Clark and Washington-sts.—Variety.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
West Madison-st., between Halsted and Union—Vaudeville.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

"It is not strength, and 'tis not steel
Alone can make the English reel,
But wisdom working day by day
Till comes the time for passion's sway.
The patient dint and powder shock
Can blast an empire like a rock!"
—*Thomas Davis.*

CARDINAL LOGUE'S OMINOUS WORDS.

What THE CITIZEN predicted long ago in its editorial columns is, unfortunately, coming to pass in Ireland—the unhappy interference of the clergy in factious politics has produced disaffection among the laity in many places, and the filial love the people have had for their priests, through fourteen centuries of severest trial, is, at last, endangered by the virus of party spleen. We have ever held, as a general principle, that clergymen are in their proper sphere outside of active politics, particularly when politics degenerates into faction. None but a bigot would deny the right of any clergyman to take an interest in his country's affairs, particularly when that country is battling against the common enemy. If Ireland were fighting England unitedly, then the Catholic priest and the Protestant preacher, as in 1798, could consistently battle side by side; but when it is Irishman against Irishman, as it is in Ireland today, the case is essentially different. So serious has the situation become in a portion of the province of Ulster, that his Eminence, Cardinal Logue, has been compelled to interfere publicly to prevent his priests from being practically boycotted by some members of their flocks. Speaking at Carrickmore, County Tyrone, during high mass, on Sunday week, the Cardinal said in part:

"They had in that parish a splendid chapel, neat and well kept in every way, and three good priests, and it was a shocking thing that men should form themselves into an unholy band at the bidding of political emissaries to cut off the means of keeping God's house in repair and rob His ministers of their slender means of support. He hoped there was an end of this unholy combination. But he should let it now go forth that he would take a means of protecting his priests from the tyranny of evil disposed persons in future. It was carried too far already, and it was time to take action. The spirit of heresy and anti-Catholicism was beginning to show itself in various forms in Ireland, and it was time to nip it in the bud before it grew and extended as it had done on the continent, where religion in once Catholic countries was a thing of the past. They had here in Ireland Catholics becoming Freemasons, and worshipping Satan, and if the outcry against the ministers of religion was allowed to go on unchecked, the anti-religious movement would spread and bring the country to perdition. He would warn them that those who committed crimes in the name of nationality were not patriots, but were enemies of their country. His Eminence was told in the most remote part of his diocese of the intimidation that was carried on recently around Carrickmore. Emissaries were sent round to harangue the people at wakes, urging them not to pay dues to the priests of the parish. In one case the relative of a deceased member of the flock was threatened by some young fellows that if he paid anything to the priests on the morning of the funeral, his eyes would be picked out. That was a shocking state of affairs; but the priests would not be allowed to suffer.

"He was pleased to learn from the priest of the parish that, notwithstanding this combination, the annual revenue of the priests was only a few pounds short this year, but it was too bad that it should be anything short, for the priests of that parish could not do more than keep themselves at best. Indeed, the hard struggle young priests had in some parts of his diocese for existence often caused his Eminence great anxiety, and if he could afford it he would gladly share with them a portion of his revenue. Let it not be supposed that he was in favor of the priests or ministers of the church getting more money than they required, or of their storing up wealth. It was for the interest of religion that they should not do anything of the kind; but it was also for the interest of religion that they should have sufficient to maintain them respectably, and to uphold the honor and dignity of their station. As he said before, he would take a means of preventing them from being unfairly deprived of their means of support, and he was now prepared to deal with those who were advocating the starving of the priests, and who were going around preventing their neighbors contributing to the support of the church.

"He, therefore, from that day forth solemnly deprived every priest within his archdiocese of the right to absolve any person who in future went round trying to prevent people from contributing to the support of the Catholic church and its ministers, reserving only to himself and his Vicars-general the right to absolve such persons. His Eminence hoped that it would not be necessary to put this stringent measure into practical operation. It was not the loss of a paltry few shillings to his priests in the year that he cared about; it was the scandal of opposition to the ministers of religion and the rulers of the church which pained him, and it would be wiped out, no matter how stringent the measures required to do so. His Eminence concluded by exhorting the people to persevere in the faith of their forefathers, which had been handed down to them through centuries of persecution entailing an immense sacrifice of blood."

Probably nothing more significant than the foregoing language has ever been uttered by an ecclesiastic of high rank in Ireland, and the necessity of such observations ought to be a strong warning to the Catholic clergy to avoid partisan politics. In Fenian times, when the church in Ireland, as a whole, strongly opposed the national sentiment, young Irish Catholics, who were denied the sacraments because of their oath bound affiliation with the Irish Revolutionary Brotherhood, fell away from the practise of the old faith by the score, and many of them have remained indifferent, more or less, ever since. That should have been a warning to the clergy to avoid political conflict with the people, because there are numerous cases wherein the attraction of patriotism is quite as strong as the attraction of creed—sometimes stronger. This superior attraction of patriotism, or what passed for patriotism, made the "Reformation" stronger than the Church in Great Britain and Northern Europe, while the same principle, acting in a different direction, made the Church stronger than the Reformation in Ireland and Southern Europe. In the sixteenth and seventeenth, and most of the eighteenth, centuries, the Church was practically unanimous in its opposition to English misrule in Ireland, and, consequently, the Irish people could not be alienated from it by all the force, fraud and cajolery of England. Down to 1798, the attitude of the Catholic church on the Irish question—especially since the Reformation—was decidedly friendly. The valor of the Wexford priests in the year of the rebellion can never be forgotten by Irishmen, while the Slaney runs to the sea and the shamrocks grow on Oulart Hill; but, since '98, the Church has not been, in a political sense, the consistent friend of the cause of Irish independence.

We are led to make this observation, because Cardinal Logue said, in the course of his sermon at Carrickmore, that the clergy were never opposed to any worthy movement. Unfortunately the history of Ireland during the last 97 years will not bear out the assertion of his Eminence. Since O'Connell's death, particularly, the church in Ireland has been a wet blanket on every practical movement for the independence of the country. It discouraged Young Ireland, denounced the Fenians and fought Parnell, when he sought to maintain his leadership against "the Whig wolves who howled for his destruction." These facts have sunk into the minds of the people and have rankled in their hearts. The partial revolt against the clergy in Ulster is the unfortunate outcome of the facts we have stated above. It is just as well to be frank in these matters. The clergy of Ireland cannot hope, if they mix actively in party politics, to be cherished forever, because same of them bled for Ireland in '98. It must not be forgotten that several Presbyterian clergymen also died for Ireland in that year, and yet what Irishman in his senses would claim that the Irish Presbyterian preachers, as a body, are today patriotic? Is not the contrary the fact?

It was the Right Rev. Dr. Nulty, Bishop of Meath, and he certainly can not be accused of hetrodoxy, who warned the Vatican a dozen or more years ago, when it was interfering too strongly in Irish political affairs, that nations never remained long faithful to churches that opposed the national will. We think his point was well taken, and we hope the hierarchy and clergy of Ireland will refrain further from alienating the affections of even a small minority of the Catholic people from the church of their forefathers and of their love. Let them cling to their pulpits and leave the political platform, where partisan tactics prevail, to the laity. Otherwise they but sow the wind and, eventually, will reap the whirlwind.

"THE CITIZEN'S" CANDIDATES ALL RUN AHEAD OF THEIR TICKETS.

Following was the result of the election in Cook County for Judges of the Circuit court and County Commissioner last Monday, a very light vote having been polled:

Judge of Supreme court, Benjamin D. Magruder, Rep., 121,981, on both tickets; Jacob J. Hubbard, Peo., 4,344.

Judges of Circuit court, successful candidates, Edward F. Dunne, Dem., 130,406, on both tickets; Murray F. Tuley, Dem., 130,327, on both tickets; Richard S. Tuthill, Rep., 128,472, on both tickets; Francis Adams, Dem., 128,310, on both tickets; Arba N. Waterman, Rep., 125,443, on both tickets; Elbridge Hanecy, Rep., 124,631, on both tickets; Oliver H. Horton, Rep., 123,184, on both tickets; John Gibbons, Rep., 85,094; Richard W. Clifford, Dem., 92,940; Thomas G. Windes, Dem., 80,129; Edmund W. Burke, Rep., 79,039; Chas. G. Neely, Rep., 76,975; Frank Baker, Dem., 76,828; Abner Smith, Rep., 75,239. Unsuccessful candidates, Charles S. Thornton, Dem., 60,478; George A. Trude, Dem., 60,352; Granville W. Browning, Dem., 56,100; William Prentiss, Dem., 54,925; Henry M. Coburn, Dem., 54,195; Edward U. Fliehmann, Dem., 52,612; James H. Teller, Dem., 52,124; William P. Black, Sil., 18,256.

Judge of Superior court, Theodore Brentano, Rep., 127,824; George McA. Miller, Peo., 4,250.

County Commissioner, Michael Petrie, Rep., 67,282; Peter J. Jezierny, Dem., 51,655; N. Gottlieb, Sil., 8,695; Henry T. Jones, U. Sil., 1,320.

The foregoing omits the votes for other tickets, except that of Captain W. P. Black, the Silver-Democratic candidate, who polled over 18,000—the highest total outside the regular tickets. Had Black, Gibbons and Windes been on the Democratic ticket, with Thornton, Trude and Browning, it is quite probable it would have won, although it is undeniable that public sentiment ran strongly in favor of what were called "the old Judges."

It will be observed that the five men THE CHICAGO CITIZEN particularly supported ran ahead of their tickets, whether victorious or beaten. Thus, on the victorious ticket, Judge Gibbons ran ahead of Judge Abner Smith 9,885 votes. Judge Windes ran ahead of the same gentleman 4,890 votes.

On the defeated ticket, Charles S. Thorton ran ahead of James H. Teller 8,354 votes. George A. Trude ran ahead of Mr. Teller 8,288 votes, and Granville W. Browning ran ahead of the same candidate 3,976 votes.

It has rarely happened that selected candidates, supported by a particular paper, have achieved this result, but the figures speak for themselves. Not a man that THE CITIZEN supported by name failed to run ahead of his ticket by several thousand votes. This may be a useful object lesson to some of "our friends, the enemy."

BRAZEN ENGLISH DISHONESTY.

W. T. Stead, treating of the Victorian Diamond Jubilee in the Review of Reviews, says:

"The black spot at home is Ireland. There is no need for rhetorical exaggeration here. Everything that has been said about the rest of the Empire needs to be reversed when we come to speak of Ireland. It is the only country where we have obstinately refused to govern according to the only principles in which English-speaking men can be governed, and even the only country where the population has dwindled, and where a free vote of the inhabitants would, if taken tomorrow, lead to the immediate hauling down of the union jack. If the example of England, of Canada and of Australia illustrate the advantages of allowing people to "run the machine as they please," the case of Ireland affords as significant an illustration of the disastrous results of the opposite policy. Nor does it add to our national complacency to know that a royal commission has recently reported that during the Queen's reign we have extracted from the Cinderella of the imperial household nearly £100,000,000 of taxation in excess of the sum with which she could legitimately have been saddled."

But the English national entity, figuratively called John Bull, will not make restitution, no matter how his "feelin's" may be harrowed by the world's discovery of his base dishonesty. Not alone is Mr. Bull a highway robber, a pirate and a swashbuckler, he is also a convicted swindler. His own commission has branded him as an extortionist. But he loves money, and he will cling to his Irish plunder until the Irish people are able to wrest it from him in the hour, sure to come, sooner or later, of his distress or decrepitude. Bull has thrived mightily in the last sixty years—that there is no denying, but he has grown too fat by dint of his ill-gotten gains. Most of his flesh is "proud flesh," and, as the late "Sunset" Cox would say, "proud flesh isn't healthy." It seems strange to us that Englishmen, like Labouchere and Stead, should acknowledge the financial wrong done to Ireland, and yet make no effort to rouse the masses of the English people to cause justice to be done to that plundered country. Or are the English masses as conscienceless as their rulers? It looks like it; but it must be admitted the English people are stuffed with lies about Ireland and the Irish constantly by their reptile press. The English press, taken as a whole, is the vilest and most dishonest in the world. It is Pecksniffian to the core and mostly edited by a lot of solemn humbugs and intellectual jugglers. The "proper caper," from immemorial time—at least since England has had a press—is to treat all Irish questions, no matter how serious of import, with contumely and derision. "Ireland must not be taken seriously," is the English cant phrase applied to Irish subjects. The insults heaped upon Ireland and the Irish race by the English press during the last sixty years can never be forgotten or forgiven by the Irish people until the score is wiped out in some manner satisfactory to Irish national honor. Insults sting and madden when mere physical wrongs are buried in oblivion. Ireland is the "Cinderella of the Empire," but even Cinderella had justice and vengeance in the long run.

RELEASE THE SICK MAN.

The Chronicle of Monday says that Joseph R. Dunlop, editor of the Dispatch, confined in the Illinois penitentiary on a two years sentence for sending improper matter through the United States mails, is afflicted with partial paralysis, neuralgia, Bright's disease and insomnia. His condition is so serious that Warden McClaughery has not dared to treat him as an ordinary prisoner. He is under the constant care of Dr. O'Malley in the hospital. Mr. Dunlop has made no complaints, shuns visitors and retires at 8 o'clock p. m.—an hour earlier than the regulations require. It seems to THE CITIZEN that, under these circumstances, executive clemency might properly step in. Persecution of a sick man is not a course of conduct that will meet with the cordial approval of Americans, who, in general, are merciful of disposition. We think President McKinley should be called upon to exercise his prerogative in this case, and, in view of Mr. Dunlop's ill-health, which is notorious, the prisoner ought to be set at liberty. THE CITIZEN is of opinion that he has been sufficiently punished.

SORRY FOR MR. MILLS.

We observe that the Hon. Luther Laflin Mills is to be the orator at the Victorian Diamond Jubilee celebration in this city. What a pity that the eloquence of the gifted tribune should be put to so poor a purpose! Mr. Mills should study the history of Ireland during the last sixty years before he commits himself to eulogizing the most murderous reign in all history. His Irish blood should rush to his tongue and paralyze that eloquent member until the "Diamond Jubilee" is over.

VICTORIA'S RECORD OF GREED AND RUIN.

As the day on which the sixtieth anniversary of the Queen of England's accession to the throne is rapidly approaching, and, as some weak-minded, half-hearted people of our own race may be tempted "for the sake of good fellowship," and "for the honor of the sex" to join in the great mockery denominated the Diamond Jubilee, we give the following in regard to Victoria's dealings with labor from Reynolds' Newspaper, the organ of the British democracy, published in London:

"If the hysterical loyalists who are now raving about the superlative virtues of the Queen were acquainted with the manner in which she treats the humbler servants in her employ a very marked change would come 'o'er the spirit of their dream.' As an employer the Queen is as close-fisted and stingy as a pettifogging Shylock. Look at the mean and miserly way in which she treats the laborers on her Berkshire estates. Unlike many other rich landlords, she takes little or no interest in the welfare or comfort of the poor people who toil on her land for wages which are barely sufficient to keep body and soul together. If she were really alive to her responsibilities as an employer she would long since have built cottages on her estate for the accommodation of her laborers, plenty of land being available for that purpose on the ground between the royal gardens and the New Windsor road. But as the outlay might not yield a large profit (perhaps not more than 5 per cent interest), this much-lauded personage neglects to perform a duty which the majority of ordinary employers deem it their business to observe. Take again the treatment meted out to the majority of workers in the royal mews at Windsor. The average rate of wages paid these royal servants—save the mark!—is 20s a week, out of which they have to pay rent for their wretched lodgings in the town. It has long been the gossip of Windsor that, in the case of married men especially, this involves great hardship, and surprise has been expressed that the Queen has not provided quarters for them in the neighborhood of the royal stables. But what does she care for these things? Her ill-paid and ill-treated servants may grumble as much as they please so long as the British public acclaim her as the greatest ornament of her sex in the world."

So much for the manly opinion of the organ of the British "masses," as against the silly yawpings of the organs of the British "classes" in honor of the "royal" niggard. Here, in addition, is what the Dublin Nation, in an able article recently published, has to say about the "record reign" of the petticoated marble heart:

"At a moment when England is enjoying the fruits of her plunder of other lands, it is interesting to note some of the facts set out in a work recently published by Mr. Mulhall, entitled "National Progress in the Queen's Reign." How little gratitude Ireland owes Queen Victoria is testified by one set of statistics given in the volume named. These are as follows:

	Population 1841.	*Population 1896.*
England	16,040,000	30,730,000
Scotland	2,620,000	4,190,000
Ireland	8,200,000	4,550,000
Total	26,860,000	39,470,000

"Commenting on these deplorable figures—so far as this country is concerned—the London Financial News says that 'it will be seen from this table that in 1841 Scotland had less than one-third the population of Ireland. She has added 1,570,000 souls since then, whereas Ireland in the same period has lost almost half her inhabitants, and today has a very little larger population than Scotland. The increase in Scotland's material wealth has been very marked, whereas, in Ireland, Mr. Mulhall says, 'every useful occupation except the raising of cattle exhibits a decline.' It is not very encouraging to find the statistician remarking in the course of his survey: 'There seems little likelihood of this downward march being arrested.' The total number of Irish emigrants during the period, on the completion of which we are now, forsooth, asked to make jubilee, was no less than 4,950,000!

"How little Ireland has benefitted in material improvement during the present reign is shown by many other figures. For example, if we compare the paid-up capital of the railways with population in the three Kingdoms we find as follows:

	£ Sterling.	*Population.*
England	825,200,000	30,600,000
Scotland	136,600,000	4,170,000
Ireland	39,300,000	4,560,000
U. Kingdom	1,001,100,000	39,330,000

"Again, while the acreage under cultivation in Scotland has increased, and while that in England has suffered some diminution, the decline in Ireland is marked indeed. The statistics are as follows:

	Acres, 1846.	*Acres, 1895.*
England	13,300,000	12,550,000
Scotland	3,390,000	3,510,000
Ireland	5,240,000	3,990,000
United Kingdom	21,930,000	20,050,000

"Clearly, Irishmen have good reason to bless the Act of Union, and to pray for another 'Jubilee Reign!'"

A. O. H. MONUMENT DEDICATION.

The date for the dedication of the beautiful Ancient Order of Hibernian monument at Mount Olivet cemetery, has been postponed to Sunday, July 11, on account of an unlooked for accident to the pedestal on which the main structure is to rest. It will take some time to remedy the matter, but all will be ready for the dedication on the date given above. The stone originally selected for the pedestal will have to be replaced, as the Hibernians are determined to have a monument that will last for ages. It is believed that the unavoidable delay will add to, rather than detract from, the demonstration, as there will be a longer time to prepare for the event, and the organization is resolved to make a record for Chicago and Cook county on the occasion.

ENGLAND'S POLITICAL ETHICS.

Replying to John Dillon, who recently suggested that the Irish political prisoners ought to be released on the day Victoria completes the sixtieth year of her reign, A. J. Balfour, the Scotch-English leader of the Tories in the London house of commons, said that "Fenians and their like could not be regarded by the government as political prisoners in any sense." Of course not—from the British standpoint. But the Italian and French conspirators who sought to assassinate the late Napoleon III. by the explosion of an infernal machine in the most crowded street of Paris were considered by the English as political refugees, were sheltered by them in London, and, when indicted for conspiracy by the attorney-general, in order to placate the French government, were defended by England's best living lawyers, paid for their successful task by popular subscription. London, in fact, has been the choice refuge of all continental political assassins for more than a century—or since the English themselves went out of the business. Political assassination was an English fine art in the days of Elizabeth and James I. It was also practiced under the commonwealth. All assassins are welcome to the shelter of the British flag, except Irish assassins; and they would be welcome, too, if they made victims of their own countrymen!

ETHER DRINKING IN ULSTER.

It would seem that the practise of drinking narcotics has penetrated to Ireland. This, certainly, is something to be astonished at, and shows distinctly that pernicious foreign influences are at work among a once simple and guileless population. We cannot, unfortunately, cast any doubt on the prevalence of the horrid habit, because his Eminence Cardinal Logue, in a sermon more fully dealt with elsewhere, had this much to say about it from the pulpit of the parish church of Carrickmore:

"There were some other points which had to bring under their notice which were not so pleasing. The first of these was the abominable practice of ether drinking which was going on in some districts in Tyrone, and which came under his notice by some questions being asked in the house of commons on the subject. When he read the questions and the replies his blood boiled, and the blush of shame came to his cheek to think that Catholics could be guilty of the heinous and debasing crime of drinking that poisonous liquid to stupefy their senses. This drug was labelled poison, and could only be sold in small quantities in the registered apothecary stores, but it appeared that people were able to procure enough of it to keep them in a state of chronic drunkenness. That was a deplorable state of affairs, but he hoped that the practice would be discontinued, and that he would not have to allude to it again. Some years ago ether drinking was practiced in another part of his diocese, but he was glad to say that when he publicly admonished the parties who indulged in it they gave up the practice, and he never heard of it since then. It was his duty, and the duty of his priests, to stamp it out."

We suppose the ether drinking habit was introduced into Ulster by those "angelic" people called the "Scotch-Irish."

MR. JOHN T. KEATING.

The United Irish Societies honored themselves as well as Mr. John T. Keating when, at their convention of last Sunday, they elected him their president for the ensuing year. They were also wise in re-electing most of the old officers. Mr. Mahoney, the former president, positively declined to serve again, having had the honor three times in succession. Mr. Keating is a man of untiring industry, unflagging zeal and conspicuous ability. No better selection could have been made, and we heartily congratulate all concerned upon it. As State President of the Ancient Order of Hibernians, Mr. Keating has shown himself an executive officer of the first-class. The growth and strength of the organization during the last three years attest his ability much more effectively than anything spoken or written could do; and we predict that his administration of the affairs of the United Irish Societies of Chicago and Cook county will be fully up to the highest standard of requirement.

AN EDITORIAL DUBLIN "JACKEEN."

The Irish Daily Independent, of May 29, is not courteous to THE CHICAGO CITIZEN because it denounces faction in Ireland, and places patriotism above personalities. We believe Mr. John E. Redmond is the power behind the editorial chair of the Independent. If so, he ought to give his editor a lesson or two in the arts of truth and politeness. We are compelled to say that the disrespectful characterization of THE CITIZEN by the Daily Independent of May 29, is the language of a liar, and that the entire article reeks with supercilious blackguardism. While THE CITIZEN remained silent on the question of disunion, or while it gave credit to the Redmond fragment for political sincerity, it was, so to speak, patted on the back by the Redmondite organs. Now, however, there is a different policy. We warn Mr. Redmond to read the "copy" of the Independent's articles more carefully, in the future, and also to call off his editorial dogs.

WELL, Tanner has signed the infamous Allen Chicago City Railway bill! "Altgeld would rather have cut off his right hand than do it!" screams a morning paper that has abused Altgeld as if he were the devil or Jean Paul Marat. What a glorious gift editorial hindsight is!

THE CITIZEN deeply regrets to announce the dangerous illness of the Hon. James W. Fitzgerald, of St. Mary's, Kansas, formerly of Cincinnati, Ohio, and long prominent in Irish National affairs.

JOHN REDMOND and his few followers ought to get themselves turned out of the London house of commons a few more times, and then quit the business. Parnell was the only Irish political leader who ever made that policy worth consideration. Try something original, Mr. Redmond.

AN English Diamond Jubilee idiot has suggested the propriety of re-christening the "United" (?) Kingdom Wiseland—"W" for Wales, "I" for Ireland, "S" for Scotland and "E" for England. If the suggestion were adopted, men would translate the new title "Damphoolland."

IN view of the terrible catastrophe at the Charity bazaar, the Cardinal-archbishop of Paris, in his official organ, La Semaine Religieuse, suggests that the candles borne by first-communicants in the various churches be not lit, to avoid the danger of fire, which is great because of the wreaths and gauzy clothing worn by the girls.—The Review, St. Louis.

"THE week ending May 23," says Reynolds' Newspaper, "should be memorable in the history of the Celtic Renaissance movement in Ireland. It begins with the Oireachtas or Irish Literary Festival, organized under the auspices of the Gaelic League, and closes with the Feis Ceoil or musical festival. The programme provided for each of these events must be described as at once appropriate and attractive. Perhaps the most interesting feature of the Feis will be the competition of Irish pipers. Six pipers have entered the lists, two of them coming from the County Dublin and the others from Donegal, Galway, Roscommon and Cork counties."

THE POPE'S POEM ON THE TABLE.

The Pope he leads a happy life,
Who would not be a pope?
He has no worldly cares or strife,
No daughters to elope.
No wife to worry him o' nights,
And gad about all day,
Or talk him deaf, on woman's rights,
No milliners bills to pay.
And so this very happy man
And eminent divine
Has issued from the Vatican
A poem on "How to Dine."
In unpremeditated verse
His precepts we produce,
His list of viands to rehearse,
Meet for the Diner's use.
He sings the joys of simple fare,
Sweet herbs and tomatoes,
Good bread, well baked, and "pomme de terre,"
In English, plain potatoes.
Add chicken, lamb and beef to these,
Which most the body nourish,
With vegetables, roots and peas,
That in the garden flourish.
A crock of old Falerian wine
Bring from the cellar up,
Diluted well with water, sip
The joy inspiring draft,
That sorrow drives from mind and lip
When moderately quaffed.
"From eggs to apples" be the feast,
On spotless linen spread;
Have goblets shine upon the board,
And lamplights over head.
Pour out the steaming Mocha last,
That comforteth the heart;
With this and fruits close the repast;
Then let the guests depart.
His Holiness predicts that those
Who use his frugal plan,
Will live in health, and life prolong,
Beyond the human span. —Ex.

HOLY FAMILY CONFIRMATION.

A Grand Procession of the West Side Catholic Societies.

Most Rev. Archbishop Feehan rode in a carriage at the head of the confirmation procession of the Holy Family parish Sunday afternoon, and men by thousands along the way lifted their hats. The Archbishop was accompanied by Rev. Father Hoeffer, president of St. Ignatius' College; Rev. Father Dowling, the pastor of the greatest congregation in the country, and the church's societies of old men, young men, boys and school girls, made a line of marching people that took half an hour to pass.

The celebration started at noon and ended at sunset. It was like very many that have preceded it—once each time that Father Dowling has all his various classes ready for the offices of the bishop. But it was larger this time than usual, since it is one of the traits of the priest of this parish that the membership in his working bands increase each year. Michael Heaney was the grand marshal.

A row of policemen led and squirmed a way through the congregation—a congregation so big that Twelfth street and all the streets thereabouts were filled with women and children.

The Patriotic Sons of Father Mathew had the right of the line. They made a magnificent showing, and marched to the music of their own band. They were the escort for the children from the Sacred Heart convent. The juvenile band came next, and then followed eight groups of boys and girls, members of the juvenile societies of the parish, the first communion boys and girls, pupils from the parish schools and a big delegation from the deaf-mute department of St. Joseph's Home. The married men's sodality was out in force—a row of men a block long and marching four deep. There was a regiment of cadets and some twenty other societies, and the size of them shows the gigantic work for which Father Dowling stands as director.

Archbishop Feehan stood on the balcony of the college front, while the societies filed by with salutation. Father Dowling supported him, and from points of vantage the priests viewed the wonderful scene. There was a wait of some twenty minutes and the head of the church procession appeared at the college door. The acolytes preceded, in white cassocks and surplices. The crucifer, the taper bearers and the thurifers with censers came next, followed by the archbishop's acolytes. They were in crimson cassocks. The archbishop was in his pontificals, walking under the processional canopy carried by a detail from the Patriotic Sons of Father Mathew. The impressive sight led the host to bow heads and lift hats. The church was packed at the confirmation. The moment the archbishop passed the portals there was a rush for the door. It took all the strength of a line of officers to hold back the crowd. There was not a vacant inch of space inside, it being impossible to get more than a small fraction of the congregation into the pews. The people outside waited until the service was over, and the walks were alive with children in white.

Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly.

"Homes in Greece," is the title of the leading article in Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly for June. It is written by George Donaldson, Ph. D., and there are more than a dozen illustrations, including a full-page group of portraits of the royal family of Greece. In conjunction with this article, and of equal timeliness, is one entitled "Crete and its Vicissitudes," by Anna W. Young. "A Day with the Trout," by Henry E. Haydock, is another paper appropriate to the season, and both the text and the pictures make one long for such an outing as the author describes. The eighth paper in the excellent series of articles on "American Universities and Colleges" treats of Williams College, and is by the Rev. Dr. Eben Burt Parsons, the popular secretary of that institution. It contains twenty-seven illustrations, among which are several groups of students. There are many other good things in this number: a profusely illustrated description of a visit to Cairo; "Locomotion in India," by Florence Fenn Forman; "Fox-Tossing," by Ernest Ingersoll; a graphic and beautifully pictured description of the City of Baltimore, by Charles Thomas Logan; an installment of Frederick R. Burton's new serial; several clever short stories; a description of some new plays; an interesting department for young people, etc.—Frank Leslie's Publishing House, New York.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"ISRAELITE," City—According to latest returns, the Jewish population of Ireland is about five thousand, of whom two thousand reside in Dublin. They are mostly in business, but not a few have found their way into the professions. As a rule, they are good citizens and generally take the side of their adopted country against England. The term "Irish Jew" will cease to be a misnomer very soon, as the element is growing more powerful in Ireland year by year.

GAELIC ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

Opening day at the Gaelic Athletic Association grounds, Ogden avenue and Rockwell street, was marked last Sunday by much enthusiasm among the spectators. The attraction was a match under Gaelic rules between a picked team from the association and the Thistle club, champions of the Chicago Football Association. Ten points to a goal and one point was the final score, the Gaels getting the majority count.

Handicapped by the absence of two men, the Scotchmen played in determined fashion and proved almost a match for the Irishmen at their own game. At starting the visitors kicked southward, having the wind at their backs. In three minutes the Gaels invaded and scored a point. Lively exchanges followed, the ball traveling rapidly over the field. A second point was made by the home team twenty minutes from the start. Before half time the total was increased to four, while the Thistle men were unable to count.

The second half was marked by excellent work on both sides. Six more points were registered by the Irishmen, who were more adept at punting. Barker, who throughout played finely, scored a goal for the Thistles, and later on the side added a point. Rough ground greatly interfered with the play of the Scotchmen, who rely to a large extent on footwork. W. Hall was the star of the winning side.

A tug of war between a picked team from the Gaelic Athletic Association and the Fortune Bros. Company was won by the latter, which gained two inches in a five-minute pull.

CLAN-NA-GAEL GUARDS' PICNIC.

The twenty-second annual grand military picnic of the First and Second battalions Clan-na-Gael Guards will be held at Oswald's Grove, Halsted and Fifty-second streets, Sunday, July 4, 1897. Sealed bids for bar privileges will be received and acted upon Monday, June 21, at 8 p. m., at 81 Clark street, room 10. All bids to be accompanied with half the amount of bid in cash or certified check, the committee reserving the right to reject any and all bids.

SHERIDAN'S RIDE.

How Gen. Grant Received the News from Cedar Creek.

Gen. Horace Porter, in his "Campaigning With Grant" in the June Century, says: At three o'clock on the afternoon of Oct. 20 Gen. Grant was sitting at his table in his tent, writing letters. Several members of the staff who were at headquarters at the time were seated in front of the tent discussing some anticipated movements. The telegraph operator came across the camp-ground hurriedly, stepped into the general's quarters, and handed him a despatch. He read it over, and then came to the front of the tent, put on a very grave look, and said to the members of the staff: "I'll read you a despatch I have just received from Sheridan." We were all eager to hear the news, for we felt that the telegram was of importance. The general began to read the despatch in a very solemn tone. It was dated 10 p. m. the night before: "I have the honor to report that my army at Cedar Creek was attacked this morning before daylight, and my left was turned and driven in confusion; in fact, most of the line was driven in confusion, with the loss of twenty pieces of artillery. I hastened from Winchester, where I was on my return from Washington, and joined the army between Middletown and Newtown, having been driven back about four miles." Here the general loooked up, shook his head solemnly, and said, "That's pretty bad, isn't it?" A melancholy chorus replied, "It's too bad, too bad!"

"Now just wait till I read you the rest of it," added the general, with a perceptible twinkle in his eye. He then went on, reading more rapidly: "I here took the affair in hand, and quickly united the corps, formed a compact line of battle just in time to repulse an attack of the enemy's, which was handsomely done at about 1 p. m. At 3 p. m., after some changes of the cavalry from the left to the right flank, I attacked with great vigor, driving and routing the enemy, capturing, according to last reports, forty-three pieces of artillery and very many prisoners. I do not yet know the number of my causalties or the losses of the enemy. Wagon trains, ambulances, caissons in large numbers are in our possession. They also burned some of their trains. Gen. Ramseur is a prisoner in our hands, severely, and perhaps mortally, wounded. I have to regret the loss of Gen. Bidwell, killed, and Gens. Wright, Grover and Ricketts, wounded—Wright slightly wounded. Affairs at times looked badly, but by the gallantry of our brave officers and men disaster has been converted into a splendid victory. Darkness again intervened to shut off greater results."

By this time the listeners had rallied from their dejection, and were beside themselves with delight. The general seemed to enjoy the bombshell he had thrown among the staff almost as much as the news of Sheridan's signal victory. In these after years, when this victory is recorded among the most brilliant battles of the war, and "Sheridan's Ride" has been made famous in song and story, one cannot help recalling the modesty with which he spoke of his headlong gallop to join his command, and snatch victory from defeat. He dismissed it with the sentence: "I hastened from Winchester, where I was on my return from Washington, and joined the army." Further news brought the details of the crushing blow he had struck the enemy.

GAELIC DEPARTMENT.

Tadhg na g-con[illegible] Seamrog na geolthre geluas.

Is minic nuair bhios im' fhear óg do chuala tréchd ar Thadhg na g-Con. Ni bhfuaras amach riamh cia an sloinneadh bhi air. B'fhéidir ná raibh a fhios aige féin. Bhi anaidhm aige ar mhadraidhibh agus is dirithe gur mar gheall air sin cuireadh an leas-ainm Tadhg na g-Con air. Ni bh-fuil ambras ná gur Máire dob' ainm dá mhnaoi, mar bhi baidh aige leis an dias so—

Gach ile a's fáidh a' tréchd thar' cailaighe féin
Agus mise a's Máire a' tréchd thar cheannaidhe an t-seoghail.

Ni raibh Tadhg riamh gan capaillin, acht is annamh bhi an t-aon cheann caoigthigheas aige gan bheith díolta nó malairtthe. Chonaic sé ag gabhail an bhóthair lá beirt fhear a bhi ag teacht ó aonach an Daingin, agus d'fhiafruigh sé dhiobh an ndeunfaidis malairt leis féin ar chapall deich mbliadhan a bhi aige. Dubhradar go ndeunfaidis, agus leis sin tugann Tadhg amach sean-chapall ná raibh lá fá bhun chdig mbliadhan dichead. Bhi tuairim ag na fearaibh go raibh sé aosda, agus d'fheuch duine acu 'na bhéal. D'fhiafraigh Tadhg cad ar a shon gur dhein sé sin, agus nuair dubhartbas leis gur chum aoise an chapaill d'fhiosrughadh, do agairt sé amach, "Is fada mo dhá chios nach lia tir 'ná gnéa." Mar sin mheall sé na daoine bochda dona.

Bhuail na daoine maithe go minic leis, acht nior bh'fhéidir leo buaint leis, óir má deochaidh sé riamh ag sidhbal 'san oidhche gan maide collach 'na dhorn aige.

Aon oidhche amháin, timchioll meadhón oidhche, theangmhuigh fear air i mbóthar uaigneach. Cheisdigh Tadhg é, ag rádh, "Cia an t-am é, led' thoil."

"Tá sé," ar seisean, "i n' am chodlata do'n bheo agus i n' am shiabhlóide do'n mharbh."

Leis sin do leagh sé as a radharc mar sbáighfeadh an bóthar é, agus nior aithin Tadhg go dti sin gur samhail a bhi ann.

Tá sé réidhte, dá bhfághadh duine seamróg na geolthre geluas, go dtiocfadh le n-a linn fios chuige ar mhórán neithe bhi i ndorchadas uaidh roimhe sin. Seo cuntas ar an gceuma fuair Tadhg ceann agus mar chaill sé arís go mídhbharach i.

(Le beith leanta).

Div. 35, A. O. H.

On Saturday evening, May 29, Div. 35 gave a May party at Columbia hall, Thirty-seventh and Halsted streets, which was successful beyond the expectation of the division. A most enjoyable time was spent by the members and their friends, who filled the hall to overflowing. Tobin & Meyer's orchestra furnished the music. The grand march, led by Brother Maurice O'Shea, was a brilliant spectacle from the beautiful costumes worn by the ladies. President John J. Sheehan was everywhere and untiring in his efforts to have everybody enjoy themselves; also Financial Secretary P. O. Gorman, who was floor manager, and is entitled to great praise for his splendid management.

Too much credit cannot be given to the arrangement committees, composed of Brothers James Gannon, B. Flood, P. F. Holden, Thomas Doyle, D. Coffey, John Ford, P. Golden, James Sheehan and President John J. Sheehan for their efforts in making the affair so successful.

THE Irish people resident in England, through the Irish National League of Great Britain, have formally declined to participate in the Victorian Jubilee. The President of the League, Mr. T. P. O'Connor, M. P., speaking before the convention of that body held in Manchester last Saturday, said "that the present is no time for recrimination and that the members of the league should devote their energies to living issues." There was a large attendance. A resolution calling upon the Irish to abstain from taking part in the Diamond Jubilee of Queen Victoria was presented and carried. T. P. O'Connor remarked that nothing could induce him to attend the jubilee festivities or to be numbered among those who rejoiced over a reign which had been most disastrous to Ireland. An amendment to the resolution declaring that the condition of Ireland was due, not to Queen Victoria, but to the legislation of the men selected to make the laws, was rejected. Good.

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Hood's Pills cure all liver ills. 25c.

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White Star Line.

The Teutonic arrived at New York, June 9, at 2 p. m.

The Majestic arrived at Queenstown, June 9, at 4 a. m.

Everybody Says So.

Cascarets Candy Cathartic, the most wonderful medical discovery of the age, pleasant and refreshing to the taste, act gently and positively on kidneys, liver and bowels, cleansing the entire system, dispel colds, cure headache, fever, habitual constipation and billousness. Please buy and try a box of C. C. C. to-day; 10, 25, 50 cents. Sold and guaranteed to cure by all druggists.

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RECEIVER'S NOTICE.

IN PURSUANCE OF AN ORDER OF THE Circuit Court of Cook County, Illinois, made and entered therein on May 20th, 1897, in a certain cause therein pending wherein William Templeton, Administrator of the Estate of James M. Cleary, deceased, et al are Complainants, and George A. Head, et al are Defendants, the undersigned, as the Receiver of the property and effects of the firm of James M. Cleary & Company, hereby notifies all persons having claims against the said firm of James M. Cleary & Company to present their claims, verified by affidavit, to the Undersigned at Suite 522 Reaper Block, 93 Clark street, Chicago, Illinois, within 60 days from date hereof. All persons who fail to present their claims as aforesaid will be forever barred from participating in any dividend that may be declared therein, and will be barred from participating in the assets of said firm of James M. Cleary & Company.
Dated, Chicago, May 22d, 1897.
EDWARD B. HEALY,
Receiver of James M. Cleary & Company,
Suite 522 Reaper Block, Chicago

DAVID SULLIVAN, MASTER IN CHANCERY OF THE SUPERIOR COURT OF COOK COUNTY.—522 REAPER BLOCK.

MASTER'S SALE—STATE OF ILLINOIS, County of Cook—ss. Superior Court of Cook County, In Chancery. Peter Cure and Henry F. Eidmann, Trustee, vs. Jesse G. Wells, Emma C. Wells, Edward Heath, and Richard T. Witbeck. Gen. No. 180,709, Term No. 5,904.

Public Notice is hereby given, that in pursuance of a Decree made and entered by said Court, in the above entitled cause, on the Fourteenth day of May A. D. 1897, I, David Sullivan, Master in Chancery of the Superior Court of Cook County, will, on Monday, the Fourteenth day of June A. D. 1897, at the hour of One o'clock in the afternoon, at the judicial salesrooms of the Chicago Real Estate Board, No. 57 Dearborn street, in the City of Chicago, County of Cook, and State of Illinois, sell at public vendue to the highest and best bidder for cash, all and singular, the following described premises and real estate in said Decree mentioned, situate in the County of Cook, and State of Illinois, or so much thereof as shall be sufficient to satisfy said Decree, to-wit: Lot Three (3), in Block Seven (7) in H. L. Stewart's Subdivision of the North half (N. ½) of the South East quarter (S. E. ¼) of Section Twenty-Eight (28), Township Thirty-Eight (38) North, Range Fourteen (14), East of the Third (3rd) Principal Meridian.
Dated, Chicago, Illinois, May 18th A. D. 1897.
DAVID SULLIVAN,
Master in Chancery of the Superior Court of Cook County.
M. F. Cure, Complainant's Solicitor.

SULLIVAN & HEALY, ATTORNEYS, 522 REAPER BLOCK.

STATE OF ILLINOIS, COUNTY OF COOK—ss. Circuit Court of Cook County. To the May Term A. D. 1897. Catherine Nadelhoffer vs. William H. Connor, Edward S. Dreyer, Trustee, Robert Berger, successor in Trust, Patrick J. Murray, Eleanor E. Walker, The unknown legal owners and the unknown legal holders of the Notes secured by deed of Trust from William B. Connor, Bachelor, to Edward S. Dreyer, Trustee, dated August 12, 1892, and recorded August 16, 1892, in the Recorder's office of Cook County, Illinois, as Document No. 1,717,877 in Book 3,770 of Records on page 612. In Chancery. No. 169,480.

Notice is hereby given to the said The Unknown Legal owners and The unknown Legal holders of the Notes secured by deed of Trust from William B. Connor, Bachelor, to Edward S. Dreyer, Trustee, dated August 12, 1892, and recorded August 16, 1892, in the Recorder's office of Cook County, Illinois, as Document No. 1,717,877 in Book 3,770 of Records on page 612, that the above named Complainant heretofore filed her Bill of Complaint in said Court, on the Chancery side thereof, and that a summons thereupon issued out of said Court against the above named defendants, returnable on the first day of the term of the Circuit Court of Cook County, to be held at the Court House in Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of May A. D. 1897, as is by law required, and which suit is still pending.
JOHN A. COOKE, Clerk.
Sullivan & Healy, Compl'ts Solicitors.

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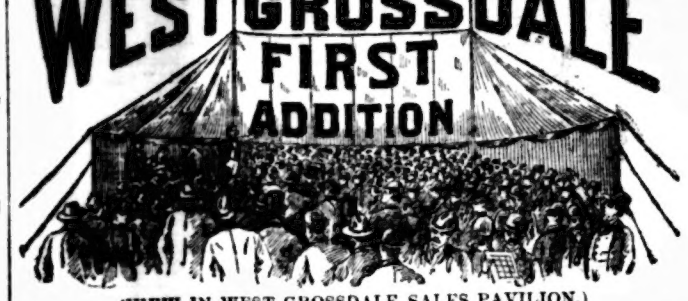
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"THE LITTLE GIRL AND ME."

When all of childhood was a song
And all of life was May,
When all of sorrow and of wrong
Was sunk in yesterday,
We walked together hand in hand,
True comrades, I and she.
Oh, life was set in summer for
The little girl and me!

Then came a time when sky and air
With snow were all astir.
She went away—so far, so far
I could not follow her.
And somehow all the woods and fields
As wide as I could see
Went grieving for the little girl
And had no smile for me.

Long years have come and gone since then,
And time has touched my hair,
But I am just as young as when
Those fields were fresh and fair,
And often as I watch the sun
Kiss field and hill and tree
It seems to shine again upon
The little girl and me.

One day when snows no more fall cold
Nor autumn's shadows chill,
Where leaves hang always red and gold
And silver runs each rill,
I'll go myself to look for her,
And there, somewhere, maybe
There may lie other playgrounds for
The little girl and me.
—Post Wheeler in New York Press.

SATSUMA'S RIDE.

Satsuma Hokusai was a colonel in the army of his imperial majesty of Japan. He stood 5 feet nothing, his complexion was, comparatively speaking, muddy and his enemies declared that his figure—in European clothes—somehow suggested a ready made suit at 23s. 11d. complete. This, however, merely showed the ill nature of the superficial mind, for Colonel Hokusai, though small and plain, had in him far finer qualities than met the eye. His brain and hand were nimble exceedingly, he was warm hearted and gentle, quick and subtle of insight, a person of resource, courage and swift ability. Above all, his courtesy was singular even for a Japanese.

He was military attache to the Japanese embassy at Berlin. Time was when military attaches of most countries were greater fools even than they looked. We have changed all that, however, and replaced the old time ornamental type of military indolence by the alert and expert watcher. Japan has imitated us in this as in other things, and in Colonel Hokusai had a carefully trained officer, particularly fitted to keep an eye on German army developments.

He kept his eye, too—that dark, deep, liquid, smiling eye of his—on other things as well. He observed German society with a thoroughness that had made the fortune of a special correspondent and with a pleasure so childlike and (apparently) so experienced as to fill blase Berliners with envy and surprise. German officers and cosmopolitan diplomatists were apt, about the hour of Christian breakfast, to be bleary and dull headed, whereas Hokusai moved as buoyant, blithe and blandly brisk as if he had gone to bed and risen with the sun. No amount of dissipation ever eclipsed his gayety—save once.

And his manners were as charming as his gayety—full of unexpected grace—a spontaneous lightness and brightness that contrasted vividly with the heavy cuirassed style of the military folk in whose society he, perforce, chiefly moved. His gracious ease, his winning gentleness and his smiling wit touched his small stature and his not too comely face with a piquant, pleasant novelty that made him a general favorite, especially with the fair sex. In fact, he soon became the rage, a situation which he accepted with fortitude and enjoyed with zest.

Now, in those days there was yet alive a famous general—a grim Prussian giant, with a beard, a burly body, a gimlet eye and very little to say. And the general had a niece and the niece a brother. He was a subaltern in a distinguished cavalry corps—a dapper little lieutenant, with a small, downy, mouse colored mustache, whose ends pricked upward in sudden and wholly artificial sharpness. His cheeks were pink, his eyes small and gray and he blinded one of them with an eyeglass. His eyebrows, at an angle of some 130 degrees, pointed the way to the parting of his hair, which was mathematically central and straight, the close cut crop on either side spiking up like a "cheval de frise." In short, he bristled, and the diagram of his figure was a geometrical expression of his race and time—of the preposterous German military stiffness and the modern adoration of the low comedian. It was even asserted that a shaggy caricaturist on the staff of Fliegende Blatter made a riotous living by projecting a satiric presentment of him every week into a pen and ink drawing.

Such a person is bound to have at least one great failing. As a fact, Lieutenant Ludwig von Blumenschon had about a hundred, and the head and front of all was the vice of patronage. Personally he was of the very smallest account, but as the nephew of the famous general aforesaid and the accidental head of the leading branch of his family he felt it his bounden duty to patronize all newcomers of brains, money, position. Failing these qualifications, even the stigmata of mere notoriousness sufficed to feed his weakness. When a certain surgeon waxed miraculous in connection with the demise of an imperial potentate, our little lieutenant appointed himself herald of his social advent. The same thing happened in the case of a celebrated African explorer, the lieutenant rushing per special train to Hamburg in order to catch his lion even before it disembarked. The same thing happened—but it was always happening. Von Blumenschon's "nose" for lions was altogether unique, and his efforts to catch, keep, lead and publicly perform with them afforded the world infinite amusement, especially when he "put his foot in it," as he did in the case of a magnificent specimen of the adventurer lion, who was actually arrested at dinner in the family mansion on a charge of robbing a bank.

To be fair, though, little blunders of that sort were few, and for a year or two nothing more serious had occurred than the exploiting of a certain low comedian, the cynosure of an English traveling company. Not much had this comedian to recommend him to the thoughtful, but his evening clothes were irreproachable, he spoke a little German, and—he could put his tongue out upside down. That won the lieutenant, who "boomed" the tongue twister for a fortnight and parted from him with something more akin to regret than he had yet experienced. Perhaps—but wait.

When Colonel Hokusai arrived at the embassy, the little lieutenant was "hot and instant in pursuit," bustling round him with a hundred courtesies and "patronizing" him with such fussy and dapper good humor that the automatic welcome of the war office seemed, by contrast, almost glacial. Result—in less than eight hours Blumenschon had the grateful Hokusai in leading strings. In a week he had secured him honorary membership of his mess and specially elected to the best military and social clubs. He engineered a multitude of invitations to the salons of the highest and richest in the land, and with a rapidity that shames my pen Hokusai was sporting delectably in the glittering whirl of high society, while Blumenschon reveled in glory as the friend, patron, trainer and keeper of the lion of the hour.

Now, Von Blumenschon perforce lived mainly in barracks. An orphan, his ancestral town mansion was presided over by an antique but active and intelligent aunt, who chaperoned his sister and played hostess whenever, as not infrequently happened, the little lieutenant was minded to be hospitable, for the Von Blumenschons were rich and their mansion splendid with art and furniture, gathered with judgment and unstinted purse for nearly two centuries. 'Twas his habit to feed his lions here in princely style, and very early in their acquaintance the colonel enjoyed the incomparable wines, the perfect cuisine and the superb appointments for which the house was and is famous. And here he met the lieutenant's sister, Adeline von Blumenschon.

Adeline was divinely tall and most divinely dark, with a bloomed and rich toned skin that veiled the roses of her cheeks, yet did not darken the ivory of her hands nor stain the purity of her arms and bust. Her mouth was the true Cupid's bow, ripe and rich. Her splendid brown eyes could glitter with mischief or dream in almost oriental languor, and her black brown hair seemed, in certain lights, to smolder with a dusky passionate underglow of red. She was the reigning belle of Berlin, and her conquest of Hokusai was instant and complete.

Partly at her brother's instigation, but mainly to gratify her own caprice, she, on the occasion of her first reception of Hokusai, had arrayed herself in a charming adaptation of his national costume—not the real thing precisely, but Japanesque enough to be a pretty and gracious compliment.

Hokusai's homage was profound. A very particular lady friend of Adeline's watched this interesting meeting and was surprised to observe that the dear fraulein almost faltered and positively blushed, and that after the courtesy of exceptional depth and significance her fan played nervously, and her eyelids drooped in a manner far too emotional for coquetry. And this same lady friend beheld Hokusai's face radiant with a spiritual caress such as she had never before seen on living countenance, and that soft flame in his glance—was it not the light that should burn in the eyes of the ideal lover when looking into those of the ideal loved one? She had witnessed the miracle of love at sight and on both sides.

From that moment their passion grew. What Adeline saw in Hokusai the world never could see. The world never can see these things. Call it magnetism, madness, what you will. She loved him as deeply as he loved her. Soon, very soon, people saw and wondered and whispered and said it was disgraceful.

Then the active and intelligent aunt "spoke" to Adeline, after the immemorial manner of aunts to erring nieces, and Adeline's eyes gleamed with that peculiar mischief light of hers.

Then Lieutenant Ludwig von Blumenschon remonstrated with her and got unmercifully mocked at for his pains and told (in effect) to mind his own business. The fraulein determined to fight.

Then the active and intelligent aunt went to the distinguished uncle—the general aforesaid—and told her anxious tale, unto which the grim old warrior listened with a very straight face, till a queer twinkle lit his bloodshot eyes, and he grunted out that he saw no reason to interfere—at present. Whereupon the aunt informed him with asperity that he was a fool, and he, growling "Very likely," left her to meditate in solitude.

Then the aunt informed Ludwig of his uncle's folly, and Ludwig, cocksure as usual, said, "Leave it to me," which in her impotence and bewilderment she did. And Lieutenant Ludwig von Blumenschon shut himself up in his quarters to plot the good riddance of Colonel Satsuma Hokusai.

The plotting did not come to much. Danger faced him at all points. Should he consult the emperor? He thought he could "get" the emperor to "do something"—demand, "par example," the ugly little Japanese monkey's recall. No. It might precipitate, not prevent, a catastrophe. Should he speak his mind to the little beast? No, and again no, for the same reason. And so on without result, save one—worry.

He lit a cigar. It was too strong and made him swim with dreadful sensations. He tossed it away and tried to think and failed, and then, in a state bordering upon despair, he dashed down to the barrack square with a face more like that of a large depositor in a suspended bank than the lineaments of the conceited subaltern he was.

Loud laughter rang from the brilliantly lighted messroom across the square. It annoyed him. Presently the cool night air soothed and sobered him, and, walking up and down, up and down, up and down, he tried again and failed to invent a plot. Like your up to date novelists, he was not good at plots. Another roar of laughter mingled with cheers. This was too much, and he crossed and entered the scene of merriment.

His eyes first fell upon Hokusai. The colonel was gesturing with (for him) excited elegance and speaking with quite unusual heat. His audience was skeptical, scoffing, hilarious. In England their conduct might even have been considered rude. Telling a servant to bring champagne, Von Blumenschon put up his eyeglass and asked, with his superior air, "What is the joke?" It was explained that a discussion had arisen on the famous (or infamous) "long distance" rides. Hokusai had denounced the competition as cruel, unsportsmanlike and, from the military (which is or ought to be the practical) view, worthless. A hot argument ended in an impassioned but clear and pointed harangue from the Jap, whose peroration was received with noisy and ironic applause.

In the midst of the hubbub Blumenschon's champagne arrived. Pouring out a tumblerful and handing it to Hokusai, he said with a pleasant smile (for as yet he dissembled), "After that you need a refresher."

Hokusai laughed and with his peculiar courtliness accepted the wine, which he drank with gusto. Blumenschon, to steady his nerves, swallowed a tumblerful at a draught and refilled Hokusai's glass and his own.

As he poured out the beading liquor Blumenschon suddenly conceived an idea. At last a plot shaped itself. Thus: "Japs aren't horsemen. Hokusai already excited. Excite him still more. Champagne ad lib. Twit him with inability to ride and at psychological moment wager him he can't ride from Berlin to Shanghai and back again. If the bait takes, he'll go. If he goes, he'll either get lost or killed or arrested. At any rate, before he can return Adeline can be safely disposed of."

The scheme was weak, but it succeeded. Champagne and discussion were so adroitly mixed that Hokusai, though by no means "mixed" himself, was stimulated to a quite needless faith in the rectitude of things and was led on and on till he accepted Blumenschon's bet of 2,000 thalers that he could not ride from Berlin to Shanghai and back again, which being duly recorded, the world for Blumenschon was young once more, notwithstanding that a sneering major warned him that he had mistaken the Jap's quality and underrated his ability and endurance. The major had seen something of Hokusai before and had heard more, but this the lieutenant did not know, and he dismissed the warning from his mind with a series of private ejaculations, the English equivalents of which are "Pish, bah, bosh!"

Next morning two things happened: First, Hokusai realized his mistake, saw the misery of a long and possibly final separation from his northern goddess and cried, "Oh, fool, to risk thy life's felicity on a petty quibble," and, second, Blumenschon's regiment had a surprise parade and swift departure to a distant mining district, where strikers, socialists and anarchists were having high jinks. To his intense disgust, therefore, Blumenschon missed the joy of assisting at Hokusai's departure.

In a hurried letter to his aunt, however, he told her of his ruse and begged her to telegraph directly the Jap was off. In a day or two the longed for information came:

"Hokusai left at 5 this morning. Accompanied to frontier by several officers. All well."

"Huzza!" he screeched and danced a fantastic pas seul in a fine frenzy of joy. "Adeline and the repute of my house are saved."

The officers returned to Berlin and reported that Hokusai was over the border and when last seen was going extremely well. Betting on his winning the wager, on his losing himself as well as the bet, on his being killed, was brisk. Presently the wire flashed his arrival at Vienna, and almost at the same moment Ludwig received another telegram:

"Return at once. Adeline disappeared."

"Tonner und blitzen!" He got leave and posted back in fume and funk. At a station he bought a paper and read:

THE JAPANESE COLONEL'S GREAT RIDE.

VIENNA, March 20, 10 a. m.—Colonel Hokusai left this morning, horse and man being in excellent condition. It is reported that before starting he was privately married to a European lady of great beauty and distinguished bearing.

Fury and death! Rushed he to his aunt, who read the paragraph and said: "Of course. This is all your fault."

Bounded he grievously to the general, who said: "Pah! You are outstrategied, outmaneuvered, beaten. You're an ass. Get out."

Comfortless went he to the club, and the men there tittered or stared or laughed outright. What! Was it known? Oh, yes! The evening papers knew all about it and printed in large type:

VIENNA—Later.—The lady married to Colonel Hokusai is said to be Fraulein Adeline von Blumenschon, niece of the famous general.

Sackcloth and ashes! He went home and hid himself. In vain. The morrow brought gall and wormwood from Adeline herself:

LUDWIG—You have often thwarted me, but I am at last even with you. I discovered your mean trick in time to defeat it. Colonel Hokusai will win the bet, and when he returns to Berlin I shall accompany him as his wife. I married him this morning. Congratulate me, Ludwig, but never more trifle with your affectionate ADELINE.

* * * * * * *

There remains to tell the discovery of the plot. It was, as always, the "incriminating document." Judicious aunty dropped that letter, which was found by imperious Adeline. Satsuma, quietly arranging his affairs, received a scented summons and attended with alacrity, to hear the whole plot disclosed and to be made to see (as a woman in love will make a man to see if occasion demands) that, and he would, he could take her with him, and so at one blow defeat his enemies and attain his fondest hopes and hers. Result—a brief, impassioned, highly effective and satisfactory scene, followed by the hatching of the counter plot. He planned everything in a trice, that undersized Japanese colonel—how he should start alone; how she, at the last possible moment, should slip away disguised to Vienna; how he would marry her there and settle her comfortably till he should return—all which, you see, was done.

The months passed—long, anxious months for her, tiresome and dangerous for him, until at last he turned up again in Vienna, travel stained and thin, but still the bright and charming Satsuma of old. And it came to pass that she rode side by side with him into Berlin, a vast crowd cheering frantic welcome. And the emperor, who had heard the whole story, sent Satsuma an exclusive order, with a flamboyant autograph letter. Thus once again he was the lion of the hour, only more so, while she was the most magnificent and spirited lioness society has yet spoiled its very best dresses to see.

So endeth the story of Satsuma Hokusai's long distance ride.—English Illustrated Magazine.

Nansen's Return.

The return of Nansen from his three years' explorations in the arctic regions was the fitting close to the endurance and daring of the undertaking. He says himself of his reception that it was "worthy of a prince." Silently and unobserved the Windward glided into Vardo haven.

I was soon on my way to the telegraph station. The only being that took any notice of the returned wanderers was an intelligent cow which stopped in the middle of the street to stare at us. That cow looked so delightfully summery that I felt inclined to go up and pat her.

The telegraph operator took indifferently the bundle of telegrams, but as his eye fell upon the signature of the dispatch that lay on the top his face suddenly changed and became radiant. Then the instrument began to send through the country the news that two members of the Norwegian polar expedition had returned safe and sound and that their ship was expected home in the autumn.

Meantime the whole town had heard of our arrival. The street was full of people and from all the flagstaffs in town the Norwegian flag was flying.

Wherever we passed the heart of the people went out to us. As we sailed up the sound a fisherman toiled at the oars to keep up with us. He shouted to me:

"Can't you tell me where Nansen is?"

"He's on board this ship," I replied.

"Oh, I wonder if I couldn't get on board? I'm so desperately anxious to see him."

"It can hardly be done, I'm afraid. They haven't time to stop now."

He stared fixedly at me as I leaned on the rail, smiling. "Since you're so anxious to see the man I may as well tell you that you see him now," said I.

"Welcome home again!" he cried, and, dropping his oars, stood up in the boat and took off his cap.

So along the coast of Norway we passed from town to town and from fete to fete. Men-of-war saluted; steamers swarmed around; the whole sound was one multitudinous welcome. Yet what was it, after all? We had only done our duty. We had simply accomplished the task we had undertaken.

He Wrote "The Bay of Biscay."

An interesting anecdote of the youth of John Davy, who composed the famous song, "The Bay of Biscay," shows how decided and precocious was this musician's aptitude for the art he ultimately practiced with artistic if not financial success. John Davy was born near Exeter in 1765. At the age of 6 he evinced a passion for music, which he sought every means of gratifying. He was in want of a musical instrument and determined to provide himself with one of however rough a nature. So from a neighboring smithy he purloined 20 to 30 horseshoes. From these he selected as many as formed a complete octave, and having suspended them in an upper room amused himself by imitating upon them the chimes of the neighboring church of Crediton.

By these and other means he obtained a knowledge of music, which, some 80 years later, enabled him to produce many dramatic pieces and such songs as "Just Like Love," "The Death of the Smuggler" and "The Bay of Biscay," only the last of which has remained popular.

After 20 years' work in London Davy died in St. Martin's lane in 1824. He was buried in St. Martin's churchyard.

A Clergyman's Advertisement.

The Rev. W. Darlow Sarjeant, a reputable Wesleyan clergyman of London, keeps regularly standing in one of the London papers the following advertisement:

"Persons in spiritual difficulties may see by appointment and in strict confidence helpful friends, who are sincere Christians at 17 Beaumont street, Marylebone (five minutes' walk from Baker street station). There need be no reference to church or creed. Certainly there will not be any attempts to obtain money or to proselyte. Everything possible will be done to lead such inquirers to the living Christ. All letters to be addressed to Rev. W. Darlow Sarjeant, 17 Beaumont street, Marylebone, W."

A great many people come to him to confess and receive encouragement, but he says that some of his brother clergymen criticise and denounce him on the ground that he is hearing private confessions.

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A GAS WELL ENTERPRISE.

Effect of the Poisoning of a Dog on a Project That Looked Promising.

"Just to show you how little things have affected some of my big undertakings," said the ex-boomer from Oregon, "let me tell you how the poisoning of a dog was responsible for the whole history of a gas well in which I was once pretty heavily interested.

"About the time we moved on to the ranch near Drain, Or., my boy Charles was very much interested in chemistry and was devoting most of his spare time to performing a lot of experiments in an old book which he had on the subject. My wife became rather prejudiced against his experiments after he had frightened Ham Song, our Chinese cook, into hysterics by appearing before him one dark night with phosphorus rubbed on his face and hands, and I also began to fear that he might do himself some injury after I found a plant for generating laughing gas at work on my library table one afternoon. My feeling against chemistry reached a head, however, when my pet deerhound ate up one of Charley's experiments and died as a result. After that I refused to buy a new chemistry book or any more chemicals and banished all future research in that line to an old shack that stood over the other side of the cattle corral.

"It was some time after this that we began to discuss the possibility of there being deposits of natural gas under Drain, and half a dozen of us undertook to make an investigation of the subject. We found large quantities of some kind of gas that bubbled up from the creek bed when we poked about with sticks. We could fill a five gallon coal oil can with it in two or three minutes at almost every point we tried, and the gas burned with a bright yellow flame that emitted considerable light and heat. When I got home the night after discovering these facts, I put my pride in my pocket and groped my way down to Charley's shack to consult him on the subject of natural gas.

"'I guess it's only marsh gas you have found,' was his verdict. 'You see, for the last 30 years there have been sawmills on the creek above where this gas occurs, and the sawdust from them is probably decaying all along the creek bottom, and that produces marsh gas.'

"When I asked him for authority for his statement, he got out the old book that I had refused to replace with a more modern work and showed me a paragraph stating that marsh gas was a product of the decomposition of wood under water. Then the next paragraph caught my eye. It went on to say that in boring a well, in some place I have forgotten, a large body of gas had been discovered, called natural gas, which was thought to be merely a natural reservoir of marsh gas. To a man in my state of mind this statement was conclusive. I took no notice of the fact that the book had been published back in the seventies somewhere, but spent the most of that night in drawing up the papers of the Drain Natural Gas company.

"Inside of a month I had a charter and an incorporated company with one-half of its capital stock paid up and had made a contract with a man named Corbett to sink a well at so much per thousand feet. We had two so called experts go over the ground and published their reports, stating that the formation of the country was superior to that of Pennsylvania, and prophesying the discovery of oil as well as gas. Of course, a good deal of real estate changed hands while preparations to commence drilling were in progress. We located the well across the creek from Drain, plotting a town site around it which we called South Drain. We advertised extensively and were just about ready to commence the sale of lots when Corbett began to strike difficulties. At the depth of 500 feet he ran into alternate layers of quicksand and slate that choked the drills by tumbling in above them, until we had to stop and case the well. My associates began to withdraw about this time, but in spite of the black outlook I did not lose faith. I bet my son Charlie a new chemistry book that we would strike gas yet. I bought out the other interests in the South Drain town site and bluffed Corbett into sinking the well to a total depth of 702 feet, but it never produced anything except salt water.

"South Drain dropped back to its original value of $8.75 an acre, instead of $100 a lot, and when I undertook to fence it in and cultivate it the one solitary man who had bought a lot and built on it got out an injunction restraining me from closing up the public streets. Charley got his new chemistry and showed me the place in it that explained the difference between marsh gas and natural gas, and he is still in the habit of smiling whenever the latter is mentioned in my presence."—New York Sun.

Prince Boris.

Prince Boris, the future ruler of Bulgaria, is a pretty little boy, and he is fortunately too young to be at all aware of the bitter quarrels which raged over his cradle. He was still an infant in arms when he was "converted" to the Orthodox faith, to the great anger of his mother. Indeed, at the time she declared that nothing would induce her to continue taking care of her enemy, but maternal love conquered, and though Boris is taken in state each Sunday to an Orthodox, or Greek, church place of worship he is vigilantly guarded from those who might wish to do him harm.—Pearson's Weekly.

ORIENTAL EYES.

Their Much Lauded Beauty Due to False Modes of Living.

An esteemed correspondent of The Woman's Arena writes, "May not the much lauded largeness and luster of the oriental eye be due to false modes of living and to a low grade of civilization?"

In the first place these charms are never found among the working classes or among the tillers of the soil. They belong to the harem and to the harem civilization.

I have examined the women's quarters in Constantinople and Cairo, in Aden and Bombay, in Calcutta and Jahore, and even in Hongkong and Canton, and in nearly every instance the women's rooms were small and dark. Where there were windows these were mere slits in the wall, which did not allow any direct light to enter.

The doorway was small and the door was solid and nearly always closed. The lamp was usually a taper and sometimes a candle. The room or rooms looked out upon a long hall or corridor, which was also dark and gloomy, and this in turn upon an arched and roofed veranda.

In nearly all of these places a woman's daily life was conducted in shadow and shade, and after sundown she had less light than fell to the lot of the pilgrim fathers 250 years ago.

Under these conditions the human eye develops like that of the cat and dog. It becomes larger and seemingly more lustrous in order to allow the owner to move about in safety and comfort. Transfer this unfortunate woman to the open street, the field or the deck of a steamer, and her eyes are in a torture from the sunlight. Her forehead is contracted by a terrible frown, her eyelids are screwed together and her eyes seem to be just the opposite of what they are described in poetry and romance.

It may be I am all wrong, but of all poetic humbugs, I think that the gazellelike orb of the orient is the biggest.

As It Looked to Him.

People who have seen cottonwood lumber warp when it came from the saw can appreciate a story Gene Ware tells about the first sawmill erected at Fort Scott. After the first day's sawing the owner of the mill came down from town, where he had been celebrating the "opening" with the boys. He looked over the crooked boards scattered about the yard for a moment and then inquired with drunken gravity:

"Boysh (hic), has that lumber been measured yet?"

"It has not," replied the foreman of the mill.

"Well, when it gets still, take a (hic) corkscrew and measure it."—Kansas City Journal.

The Best Man.

An actor told a story the other evening about a fencing master in London, who had two sons. Both of them, like the father, were physical giants.

Which was the stronger and better fighter was a disputed question until a burglar got into the house one night. One of the sons, opening the front door with a latchkey late at night, found the intruder in the hall. They immediately clinched.

The other brother, hearing the noise, rushed down stairs, and, not being able in the dark to distinguish a burglar from a worthy and honest citizen of London, proceeded to pound both men whom he ran against.

Meanwhile brother number one, thinking there were two burglars in the house, turned half of his attention to the new enemy, and the fight became desperate.

The father, awakened by the uproar, rushed down stairs with a heavy walking stick. Then the fight was something to admire, but to avoid.

When it was all over and the gas was lighted by the aged fencing master, it was discovered that he had whipped not only the burglar, but his two sons.—Pearson's Weekly.

What He Couldn't Do.

A student in one of the Buffalo medical colleges is responsible for the statement that at a certain place of public entertainment one of the boys was bragging of his manifold accomplishments until one of the company lost patience and said in a gruff tone: "Now, we've heard enough about what you can do. Come, tell us what there is you can't do, and I'll undertake to do it myself."

"Waal," replied the student, with a yawn, "I can't pay my account here. So glad to find you're the man to do it."

And the critic paid the score amid roars of laughter from the party.—Buffalo Commercial.

It Was Needed.

"Our church tower goes nearer heaven than the tower of any other church in town," proudly remarked a resident in an interior town to a visitor from the city.

"Well," replied the latter, "I don't know any church that needs it more."—Pittsburg Chronicle.

ENNUI.

A wide, bare field 'neath blinding skies,
Where no tree grows, no shadow lies,
Where no wind stirs, where no bee flies.

A roadway, even, blank and white,
That swerves not left, that swerves not right,
That stretches, changeless, out of sight.

Footprints midway adown its dust.
Two lagging, leaden-feet that just
Trail on and on because they must.
—Grace Denio Litchfield in Century.

STYLES IN PARLOR STOVES.

The Evolution of the Self Feeder—"High Art and Low Feed."

The modern American self feeding parlor stove, which also was originally made cylindrical in form, is now almost without exception made square. The self feeder commended itself at once upon its introduction and it soon came into wide use. Its utility was everywhere recognized. It was not then, however, so perfect in detail as it has since been made. The magazine was at first made larger than was really necessary, even for the purpose of such a stove. In a large size self feeder, standing pretty high generally, the opening into the magazine at the top, through which the coal was poured, was so high that it became quite a task to lift a scuttle of coal up to it. This was not so much noticed at the very outset, when people were more impressed by other features, but it speedily became a consideration of importance. It was said at the time that in feeding some of the stoves a stepladder was needed. It certainly did require a considerable degree of exertion.

The ornamentation of the stove at that time consisted of moldings and bands, and perhaps of wreaths in low relief, cast upon the upper part of the cylinder, looped around the top, and the stove was often surmounted with an ornamental urn. All this made a handsome stove, as stoves went, but it was felt that something better might be produced in the way of style and finish and that it was practically essential that something should be done to lower the feed. These two requisites to the highest development and greater success of the self feeding parlor stove were formulated in the phase "high art and low feed" once familiar in the trade. The demands were promptly met.

To bring the feed lower, the whole stove was lowered wherever it could be done, a trifle being taken here and there, the grate was lowered a little, and the magazine was reduced in size where that could be done and still leave it of ample size to meet essential requriments. The effect of these changes was to bring the feed down to where it is today, within convenient reach, and the general lowering of the structure of the stove was in keeping also with the new outward shape that was adopted, square instead of round, the fire pot, however, remaining round.

At first in the ornamentation of stoves of the new design tiles were used freely and some of the parts of the stoves or their trimmings were nickel plated. Tiles are still used to a considerable extent. Nickel plating is more freely used than at first, and bronze is now used also. While the stoves are in outline and effect square it does not follow that they are flat sided. Some are recessed, some have swell sides. They are made in various modifications of shape and in a great variety of styles of finish as to ornamentation in tiles and nickel plating, and in a great variety of ornamental patterns reproduced in the castings themselves. Many of these stoves are tasteful as well as elaborate. "High art and low feed" are combined in them.—New York Sun.

A Lake of Ink.

In the midst of the 3,500 Cocopah volcanoes of Arizona stands the lake of ink, into which run scores of streams of clear, hot, mineral charged water. It is only a quarter of a mile long by half as much wide, but no bottom has ever yet been found to its gloomy depths. The black water rises to within three or four inches of its level shores, and the temperature at the edge is 110 degrees F., rising at a depth of 250 feet to 216 degrees—4 degrees above boiling point. To the touch the water feels smooth and oily, and when it is in repose ashes and oily matter cover the surface half an inch thick. Although the water is jet black, it does not discolor the skin of a bather. The coloring matter seems to be held in suspension and will adhere to a white cloth dipped in the lake. To the taste the water is warm, salt and bitter.

To the bather the sensation is most delightful, exhilarating to such a degree that a bath of 15 minutes makes one feel as if under the influence of the very best brandy.

Millions of bubbles, formed by escaping gases, keep the surface at all times agitated, till it rolls, boils and foams as if ready to roll over its banks and escape. Whenever the neighboring volcanoes rage with anger, the lake follows suit, and the sight of its maddened waters will not soon be forgotten.

The cures wrought on the Indians who bathe there and on the few white men who have so far visited the spot are almost incredible.—London Answers.

Market Rate.

Some of these big magazine editors are humorous at times. In response to this inquiry from an amateur, "What does poetry bring in New York?" one of them replied:

"We have no regular prices, but if you ship it in crates or carloads we believe that you can realize 1¾ cents a pound for it."—Atlanta Constitution.

Dubious.

"I dropped around to see how our safe stood the fire," said an agent to the proprietor of an establishment which had been destroyed, as the two surveyed the ruins.

"Well," replied the owner, "I think your safe is a first class article to keep unpaid bills in."—Pittsburg Chronicle Telegraph.

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State Recording Secretary, Daniel McGlynn, 1238 Gaty av., East St. Louis, Ill.
State Treasurer, James Costello, Bloomington, Ill.

COOK COUNTY OFFICERS.

County President, Lawrence Henely, Twenty-seventh-st. and Lake Shore.
County Vice-President, W. J. Doherty, 1253 Forty-seventh st.
County Recording Secretary, F. J. Conroy, 493 Thirty-fifth st.
County Financial Secretary, Jos. J. Lamb, 603 Thirty-first st.
County Treasurer, M. E. Lynch, 530 West Erie st.
Sergeant-at-Arms, James Gannon.
Doorkeeper, William Barrett.
The County Board meets on the Second Sunday of each month at No. 83 Madison st., Hall 2, at 3 o'clock p. m.

DIVISION OFFICERS.

DIVISION 1.

President, M. J. Maloney, 120 Randolph st., Room 306.
Vice-President, Michael Tuohy.
Recording Secretary, J. Barry, 250 Fifth av.
Financial Secretary, William Territt, 387 South May st.
Treasurer, Jerry O'Brien.
Meets First and Third Friday of each month in Father Mathew hall, Taylor and Miller sts., at 8 p.m.

DIVISION 2.

President, John J. Hanrahan, 3721 Vincennes av.
Vice-President, Peter E. Farrelly.
Recording Secretary, Edward Brady, 3721 Vincennes av.
Financial Secretary, Patrick J. Spallon, 2826 Calumet av.
Treasurer, Bernard Gibney.
Meets First Friday of each month in Drexel hall, 3913 Cottage Grove av., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 3.

President, James J. Perkins, 561 Elston av.
Vice-President, R. T. Giblen.
Recording Secretary, Henry J. Lyons, 193 West North av.
Financial Secretary, E. S. Hanrahan, 765 Dickson st.
Treasurer, Luke H. Lyons.
Meets First and Third Mondays in Flynn's hall, cor. Robey st. and North av. at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 4.

President, Michael Blake, 708 Thirty-first st.
Vice-President, Patrick Farrell.
Recording Secretary, Martin Farrell, 2551 Emerald av.
Financial Secretary, Daniel Collins, 730 S. Centre av.
Treasurer, Robert Dore.
Meets First Thursday of each month in Ryan's hall, cor. Halsted st. and Archer av., at 7:30 p. m.

DIVISION 5.

President, H. K. Jordan, 208 Centre av.
Vice-President, William Martin.
Recording Secretary, J. T. Stanton, 190 Clark st.
Financial Secretary, Thomas E. Collins, 343 Grand av.
Treasurer, J. J. Mahony.
Meets First Thursday each month in Horan's hall, Halsted and Harrison sts., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 6.

President, P. G. Maguire, 4465 Princeton av.
Vice-President, John Doody.
Recording Sec'y, M. Golden, 4417 Union av.
Financial Sec'y, J. F. Ryan, 722 Dexter av.
Treasurer, M. F. Fanning.
Meets First Sunday of each month in Meehan's hall, 4341 S. Halsted st., at 3 p. m.

DIVISION 7.

President, Wm. Sullivan, 445 S. Paulina st.
Vice-President, Patrick Behan.
Recording Secretary, Patrick Foley, 2703 Hickory st.
Financial Secretary, James E. O'Brien, 979 W. Twelfth st.
Treasurer, Mark Hardin.
Meets Second Sunday each month in Dougherty's hall, 446 W. Twelfth st., at 7:30 p. m.

DIVISION 8.

President, P. J. O'Sullivan, 180 LaSalle av.
Vice-President, Owen Devaney.
Recording Secretary, John J. Sherlock, 193 Dearborn av.
Financial Secretary, Owen J. Cullen, 501 School st., Gross Park, Ill.
Treasurer, R. G. McHugh.
Meets First and Third Saturdays at 62 N. Clark st., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 9.

President, Thomas A. Foley, 9226 Commercial av.
Vice-President, P. T. O'Sullivan.
Recording Secretary, P. M. Nelson, 9739 Escanaba av.
Financial Secretary, Thomas White, 533 Ninety-fifth st.
Treasurer, Owen Ahern.
Meets First and Third Fridays in Union Bank Building, 227 Ninety-second st., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 10.

President, P. J. Cummings, 4100 State st.
Vice-President, James Small.
Recording Secretary, Patrick Horan, 704 Dexter av.
Financial Secretary, Thomas Galligan.
Treasurer, William Webb.
Meets First Friday each month in Webb's hall, 4430 Wentworth av., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 11.

President, James F. Murray, 500 W. Erie st.
Vice-President, Miles McFadden.
Recording Secretary, Thomas Quinn, 510 W. Erie st.
Financial Secretary, Daniel Kirby, 386 N. Lincoln st.
Treasurer, M. J. Connery.
Meets Second and Fourth Thursdays in Anchor hall, Grand av. and Paulina st., at 8 p.m.

DIVISION 12.

President, Rev. D. J. Crimmins, Fifty-fifth st. and Wentworth av.
Vice-President, P. B. Flanagan.
Recording Secretary, Daniel Collins, 3524 State st.
Financial Secretary, M. F. Fanning, 4226 Indiana av.
Treasurer, M. S. Finnegan.
Meets First and Third Mondays at S.W. corner Thirty-ninth st. and Wentworthav., 8 p.m.

DIVISION 13.

President, John E. Long, 2991 Archer av.
Vice-President, P. F. Conway.
Recording Secretary, Simon J. Maloney, 3031 Pitney av.
Financial Secretary, George A. Hickey.
Treasurer, D. J. Sullivan.
Meets First and Third Thursdays in K. of P. hall, 3001 Archer av., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 14.

President, P. J. Buck, 2218 Dearborn st.
Vice-President, E. J. Hanley.
Recording Secretary, John F. Wright, 50 Canalport av.
Financial Secretary, Thomas J. McGuire, 3435 LaSalle st.
Treasurer, Patrick McDonnell.
Meets First Sunday at 3 p. m. and Third Monday at 8 p. m. in Franklin hall, State and Eighteenth sts.

DIVISION 15.

President, James W. Breen, 3241 Morgan st.
Vice-President, John Kane.
Recording Secretary, Michael Sullivan, 3748 Sherman st.
Financial Secretary, Thomas Cunnea, 593 Twenty-seventh st.
Treasurer, Michael Duffy.
Meets First Sunday of each month in Miehaussen's hall, Fifty-first and Peoria sts.

DIVISION 16.

President, James A. Flanagan, 3819 Aldine place.
Vice-President, P. Hughes.
Recording Secretary, Barney Cogan, 3849 Aldine place.
Financial Secretary, Patrick Meaney, 1455 W. Forty-seventh st.
Treasurer, William O'Shea.
Meets Third Sunday each month in Cox's hall, Forty-seventh st. and Ashland av., 3 p.m.

DIVISION 17.

President, Martin Mulcahy, 2836 Fifth av.
Vice-President, Bernard Burk.
Recording Secretary, Roger Mulcahy, 3011 Wallace st.
Financial Secretary, Joseph Burk, 309 Thirty-first st.
Treasurer, P. J. O'Brien.
Meets First Wednesday at 8 p. m. and Third Sunday at 2:30 p. m. in Leddy's hall, Thirty-first st. and Wentworth av.

DIVISION 18.

President, Martin Loftus, 2240 W. Kinzie st.
Vice-President, Robert J. Williams.
Recording Secretary, P. J. Dineen, 2184 W. Lake st.
Financial Secretary, John Ryan, 75 Lytle st.
Treasurer, Peter O'Neill.
Meets Second and Fourth Fridays at 2160 W. Lake st. at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 19.

President James, Thomas, 4527 Dryer st.
Vice-President, Thomas O'Shea.
Recording Secretary, Michael Kinity, 3758 Butler st.
Financial Secretary, Thomas J. Waldron, 3831 LaSalle st.
Treasurer, Michael Kennedy.
Meets First Thursday each month in Qualey's hall, 3749 S. Halsted st., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 20.

President, J. J. Lamb, 603 Thirty-first st.
Vice-President, John O'Connor.
Recording Secretary, M. Sullivan, 2801 Emerald av.
Financial Secretary, P. McDonald, 551 Twenty-eighth st.
Treasurer, M. D. O'Grady.
Meets Second and Fourth Fridays at Twenty-ninth st. and Union av. at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 21.

President, Ed O'Connor, 1256 N. Robey st.
Vice-President, Barney Leonaard.
Recording Secretary, Owen Graham, 1191 Clybourn av.
Financial Secretary, James Gayer, 1853 N. Seeley av.
Treasurer, Patrick McGowan.
Meets Second and Fourth Friday in Keuhl's hall, Clybourn and Ashland avs., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 22.

President, T. H. Finnegan, Lemont, Ill.
Vice-President, James Redmond.
Recording Secretary, Ed O'Donnell, Lemont, Ill.
Financial Secretary, John McGaulley, Lemont, Ill.
Treasurer, James Noonan.
Meets First Sunday each month in School hall, Lemont, Ill., at 2:30 p. m.

DIVISION 23.

President, W. J. Doherty, 1253 West Forty-seventh st.
Vice-President, John McGeoghehan.
Recording Secretary, P. J. O'Brien, 4951 Wood st.
Financial Secretary, James Buckley, 823 W. Forty-eighth st.
Treasurer, Patrick Grace.
Meets First Sunday each month at 4030 Ashland av., at 3 p. m.

DIVISION 24.

President, J. W. Farley, LaGrange, Ill.
Vice-President, M. Galvin.
Recording Secretary, W. T. Ryan, Lyons.
Financial Secretary, T. W. Breen, LaGrange.
Treasurer, Patrick Close.
Meets First Monday each month in Grand Army hall, LaGrange, Ill., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 25.

President, William Mulligan, 723 W. Twenty-second st.
Vice-Pocsident, Timothy Dunn.
Recording Secretary, Thomas Healion, 1105 Blue Island av.
Financial Secretary, James Egan, 111 West Twenty-fifth st.
Treasurer, Joseph O'Brien.
Meets First Tuesday at 8 p. m. and Third Sunday at 2 p. m. in Flanagan's hall, Twenty-second and Robey sts.

DIVISION 26.

President, P. J. Reynolds, 5732 Dearborn st.
Vice-President, Dennis Lynch.
Recording Secretary, Hugh McNally, 345 Bristol st.
Financial Secretary, Patrick O'Neill, 5822 Dearborn st.
Treasurer, Lawrence Reynolds.
Meets 2d Saturday each month in Schell's hall, Fifty-first st. and Wentworth av., 8 p. m.

DIVISION 27

President, John Bigane, 1974 Thirty-ninth st.
Vice-President, P. J. Morgan.
Recording Secretary, David Brodrick, 3923 Hart st.
Financial Secretary, Michael Larney, Archer and Western avs.
Treasurer, John Larney.
Meets First Saturday each month in Larney's hall, Archer and Western ave., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 28.

President, F. T. Nichol, 343 Hastings st.
Vice-President, John Flanagan.
Recording Secretary, Ed Quinn, 1487 West Congress st.
Financial Secretary, Martin O'Mara, 145 Lytle st.
Treasurer, William Ryan.
Meets First and Third Wednesday in DeSoto hall, 1392 W. VanBuren st., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 29.

President, Patrick Keyes, Kensington.
Vice-President, Daniel Galvin.
Recording Secretary, William Byrne, Box 1329, Pullman, Ill.
Financial Secretary, P. J. Tully, Pullman.
Treasurer, Charles Corkery.
Meets First and Fourth Tuesdays in Holy Rosary church basement at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 30.

President, Thos. Heelan, 10810 Calhoun av.
Vice-President, J. O'Keefe.
Recording Secretary, Patrick Kerr, 10808 Torrence av.
Financial Secretary, John Conlin.
Treasurer, C. Duffy.
Meets Third Sunday each month in Link's hall, 10716 Torrence av., at 2 p. m.

DIVISION 31.

President, P. C. Desmond, 641 Park av.
Vice-President, James O'Neill.
Recording Secretary, A. J. Malone, 255 Walnut st.
Financial Secretary, Arthur Maguire, Park and Oakley avs.
Treasurer, Peter Kennedy.
Meets Second and Fourth Fridays in Conway's hall, N. E. corner Lake st. and Western av., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 33.

President, William Cunnea, 3630 Drexel av.
Pice-President, Patrick Ryan.
Recording Secretary, Thomas Clifford, 6710 Evans av.
Financial Secretary, John Foley.
Treasurer, C. Fitzgerald.
Meets First and Third Tuesdays in Forester's hall, 6512 Cottage Grove av., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 34.

President, J. P. Gallagher, 13 Hastings st.
Vice-President, John Slattery.
Recording Sec'y, E. J. Rice, 505 Fulton st.
Financial Sec'y, M. J. O'Shea, 401 Washington boulevard.
Treasurer, Michael Moore.
Meets Second Saturday at 8 p.m. and Fourth Sunday at 3 p. m. in Doherty's hall, 446 West Twelfth st.

DIVISION 35.

President, John T. Sheehan, 928 38th st.
Vice-President, M. J. O'Brien.
Recording Secretary, James Gannon, 3636 Emerald av.
Financial Secretary, Patrick Gorman.
Treasurer, Michael Kavanaugh.
Meets First Wednesday in Columbia hall, Thirty-seventh and Halsted sts., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 36.

President, J. T. Keating, 5610 Jackson av.
Vice-President, John J. Dwyer.
Recording Secretary, Thomas H. Ryan, 6947 Addison av.
Financial Secretary, Michael P. Breen, 836 Fifty-fifth st.
Treasurer, Andrew Ledwidge.
Meets Second and Fourth Fridays in Bagley's hall, 192 Fifty-fifth st., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 37.

President, John P. Dohney, 6359 Honore st.
Vice-President, James McInerney.
Recording Secretary, John P. Dineen, 6423 Morgan st.
Financial Sec'y, M. H. Hoey, 6546 Union av.
Treasurer, John R. McNamara.
Meets Second Thursday each month in Coffey's hall, Sixty-third and Halsted sts., 8 p.m.

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Vice-President, Miss Sara Kain.
Recording Secretary, Miss Maggie Murphy, Lemont, Ill.
Financial Secretary, Miss Minnie Cull.
Treasurer, Mrs. Mary Boyle.
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"What's the matter with you anyhow, mamma?"

"Matter enough. I should think. Here I've been praising that young Comeback to Bettie day in and day out. I've landed him to the skies, made all kinds of preposterous claims in his favor and given her a surfeit. She was sick and tired of hearing me sing his praises, so she is getting sick and tired of him."

"Glad of it. I told her tonight that he looked like an idiot and came mighty near being one."

"Of course you did, and that's where you were idiotic. Didn't she fly right up in his defense? Didn't she say he knew more than some men who had lived a good deal longer, and that he at least made an effort to make himself agreeable? Can't you understand that all the time a girl is defending a young man she is falling in love with him? That's a woman's nature. You've simply undone all I've been doing, and I don't thank your for it."

"Well, I can't be a hypocrite. I don't like the fellow."

"Then keep still or talk about something else unless you want them to marry even if they have to elope. If you want that, keep right on jawing and nagging at Bettie."

"Then count me clear out of it. Good-night."—Detroit Free Press.

Where the Trouble Was.

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Dated Chicago, June 10, 1897.

JOSEPH D. CONLON, Administrator.

P. B. Flanagan, Attorney.

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